

## Reminisce

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28971498) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28971498>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">Gen</a> , <a href="#">Other</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Pocket Monsters   Pokemon (Main Video Game Series)</a> , <a href="#">Pocket Monsters: Sword &amp; Shield   Pokemon Sword &amp; Shield Versions</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dream SMP Ensemble &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream's Sister Drista &amp; TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Lani Smith   LanuSky &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pikachu (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP Ensemble</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Hop (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Riolu (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Dande   Leon</a> , <a href="#">Ralts (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Scorbunny (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Masaru   Victor</a> , <a href="#">Yuuri   Gloria</a> , <a href="#">Mary   Marnie</a> , <a href="#">Beet   Bede</a> , <a href="#">Yarrow   Milo</a> , <a href="#">Joui   Nurse Joy</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream's Sister Drista (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Lani Smith   LanuSky</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">BAMF TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Traumatized TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Exiled TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Nicknames</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Trainer!Tommyinnit</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon AU</a> , <a href="#">MY BOY IS GETTING THERAPY IM SO HAPPY FOR HIM</a> , <a href="#">Fuck Dream All My Homies Hate Dream</a> , <a href="#">don't attack the original content creators this is only a story and is about their roleplay selves, not their actual selves</a> <a href="#">guys i shouldnt have to say this</a> , <a href="#">Galar-chihou   Galar Region (Pokemon)</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Sword &amp; Shield Spoilers</a> , <a href="#">idc if im doing the DLCs but i kinda want to hhhhh</a> , <a href="#">C!PHIL STILL SUCKS AT RAISING KIDS SMH</a> , <a href="#">Bad Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Journey</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Battles</a> , <a href="#">Legendary Pokemon</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Training</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Trainers</a> , <a href="#">TOMMY GETS A FUCKING FASHION SENSE YALL AAAAA</a> , <a href="#">Tommy has shulker boxes that Deo gave him but its only 2 I promise</a> , <a href="#">the first part of the chapter is pretty much the same format as my other story</a> , <a href="#">BUT ITS DIFFERENT I PROMISE</a> , <a href="#">IF YOU THINK I WOULD PUT TOMMY IN LITERALLY ANY PKMN WORLD</a> , <a href="#">OTHER THAN SWORD AND SHIELD</a> , <a href="#">YOU'RE FUCKING C R A Z Y</a> , <a href="#">Happy TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Lmao dont see that tag everyday f</a> , <a href="#">Tommy gets a family and theyre all PINK</a> , <a href="#">Original Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Its not too many ocs but they kinda important for now</a> , <a href="#">Pokemon Center</a> , <a href="#">no beta we die like l'manburg</a> , <a href="#">drista and tommy rivalry supremacy</a> , <a href="#">lani is the sole brain cell and honestly??? yeah</a> , <a href="#">Drista and Lani: ive only known Tommy for five minutes but if anything ever happened to him</a> , <a href="#">Drista and Lani: i would kill everyone in this room and then myself</a>

Language:

English

Stats:

Published: 2021-01-25 Updated: 2021-08-07 Words: 20,489 Chapters:  
8/?

# Reminisce

by [InudaTheFox](#)

## Summary

Reminisce - verb

To indulge in enjoyable recollection of past events. To recollect and remember.

---

Left to stir in the memories of a life that once was, Tommyinnit bellows to the heavens that he wants to be free from exile.

Free from the memories.

Free from the pain.

Free from the overwhelming hatred.

The heavens open their gates, and for the first time, his calls are answered.

---

Or: Tommy is sick and tired of the SMP and all their bullshit, and decides to grab his shit that Deo got him and leave. Along the way, he remembers a special, ancient portal he can make, and searches for the specific item to activate it. But surprise surprise, it isn't that easy, and he's chased to the place that never held. And now, thanks to the portal, he's in the Pokemon Region of Galar with only this weird yellow rodent as company.

The issue? He can't remember names or faces for shit now.

Well fuck him, I guess.

# Falling Inside The Black

Title from Skillet's "Falling in the Black"!

-

L'Manburg was *gone*.

It was gone- blown to *fucking smithereens*- and all that was left were it's people who could only pick up the pieces and try to start anew.

"*Start anew*" being key, because Tommy wasn't there with them.

No, they didn't *need* Tommy.

They maybe began the nation with him as one of the most important members, but he's just a bad reminder now- the war, the presidency, the death, exile, Schlatt, *Wilbur*. He's redundant, a figure of chaos and death, of the worst times this country has ever faced, and they want him *gone*.

*And a part of himself can't blame them- he'd want him gone too...*

So maybe that's why Tubbo ( *Tubbo. Sweet, kind, innocent little **Tubbo**. He still can't believe it, **his** Tubbo... hornsareshowingsclattisbeingremadewhydon'tthey **seeit?!*** ) banished him without a thought, without even *trying* to figure out more on the burning and looting of George's cottage.

"*We don't need a loose cannon, Tommy*" echoes in his ears like a mantra being called by thousands, second after second, day after day.

The next morning, a small white, walk-in tent is pitched in the middle of the plains beside a wide ocean, and apply renamed “Logstedshire” by none other than Ghostbur- his *dead* older brother.

*God that thought hurts.*

Tommy thought being in exile was hard before, but at least in the end, he had Wilbur as company. Crazy, insane, maniacal company, but company. And even *then*, He got to see Technoblade, his *other* older brother, and even Tubbo (not Phil, *never* Phil) from time to time when he wasn’t working on the festival. There was *companionship* in exile, even when there wasn’t supposed to be.

But now? He has *nothing*.

No best friend, no brother (if you count a war criminal as a brother), and *certainly* no *father*.

(Internally, the teen is aptly reminded on *who* was the favored child, on *who* Phil spent all his time with, on *who* was the *prodigy*. And in every answer, it was *never* him. Not Tommy, *never Tommy*. )

All that was left was Dream- Dream and his stupid fucking mask that just stared *mockingly* at the boy before he even opened his inadequate fucking mouth to garner an insult. Dream who is the reason he’s out here *in the first place*. Dream who has *power* over him.

And Dream is all he has left, and Tommy *despises* that.

What’s worse is that he knows he can’t leave the server, because once your gone, all contact is cut.

In the Green Man’s words, “You don’t need friends from *outside*”.

The fact that also applied to Tommy *burned* at his chest like molten lava coursing through his veins, and it *sucked*.

What sucked more is when Dream came over, only to blow up or burn his stuff. “To repent” or something- hell if he knows, the days just blur together at this point, and so do any words he hears.

And his clothing are all ripped and *disgusting* at this point- tears to and from, stains of brown and dark red coating the material, and deep scars gorged on his skin in a gruesome, golden locks greasy and too long for him to handle (though, at least they hide some of the scars). He feels like a fucking *hobo*- which, he... technically kinda is- and the fact that he left L’Manberg with Wilbur’s coat *probably* doesn’t help his image much.

But... maybe it’s time to stop caring.

Be it family, friend or foe- they weren’t exactly being *subtle* with what they were saying.

Or, rather, what they *weren’t*.

Resentment swells in his chest as he’s reminded of *everyone* he fought for, only to swept away to the side like he’s nothing when, in the end, he’s the only one representing L’Manburg’s ideals.

It’s *true* ideals- not the ones that Wilbur, Schlatt or *Tubbo* twisted in their presidency.

The will to stand up and *fight* for what’s right.

The ability to stand beside those they he loves and fight another day, just to protect him.

The ability to *survive* against the crushing winds of the world, when it's just pressing down on you, inching you closer and closer to the ground as blood swells in your head.

*That* is what Tommyinnit- formerly Thomas Craftsons- represented.

*He* is the ideals of L'Manburg that were *supposed to stay!*

But Ender knows that where Hell burns bright, evil burns brighter.

And he's done with it.

Absolutely *done*.

They want freedom? Well, they'll just have to earn it without him. And if they ever need "Tommy-motherfucking-innit", well that's *too fucking bad now aint it?*

Scowling, he swipes his legs off of his bed, his uneven flooring digging into his hole ridden socks, and stands to his full height, swinging himself down the ladder into the mines, and pressing a hidden switch when he got halfway down. The wall to his left creaks open, and he slides his body through just in time for it to snap shut with a click.

Tommy admires the room- the vault. *His* vault- and locks onto the ender chest in the corner.

A very *specific* ender chest- one picked clean, thick gorges into it's pretty green and teal casing, flickers of magic twisting around the ender eye clasp.

This box was gifted to him by TimeDeo, back when he still ran Business Bay in SMPEarth, and in it contained gear that Tommy has hidden to this fucking *day*.

It's never seen the rays of daylight- not *once*- and Tommy would *love* for it to stay that way, he really would.

But he *can't*, not now.

He needs to get his shit and *go*.

So, he creaks open the dusty, gorged chest and rumbles through it, glancing at the inventory screen before him.

A shulker box, ten pearls, an iron sword, two brewing stands, a stack of dark oak logs, two potions of healing, a couple steak, half a stack of bread, a stack of coal, some iron ingots, two crafting tables, a handy flint and steel, two buckets of lava, two buckets of water, and a couple books with quills attached to them.

Not a *whole* lot, but it'll do for now.

It'll get him through a couple of weeks, at least.

(Sometimes Tommy remembers how utterly *amazing* Deo is, and prays to his best friend with shaking legs, thanking him for all he is and will ever be. Ender, if the bay wouldn't be the first place the others would look, he would *definitely* run back there.)

(But he *can't*. He just... he just *can't*. )

Pulling out one of the crafting tables, as well as some wood, he quickly crafts a boat, breaks his end chest, stuffs it in his inventory, and hauls himself over the ladder, and through the small break in the earth, popping out like a mole.

Eyes dart around his surroundings, gripping onto his stone sword and lips pulled into a taut frown, a bead of sweat trailing down his temple.



Wind echoing in his ears, eyes flicker to the from, glancing back at the portal.

The blond spins on his heel and *bolts* towards the shoreline, plopping his tiny, two-person boat on the low tide water. He pushes it so it's *just* far enough in the water no to leave tracks, and hops in, paddling away from his ho- no, no this wasn't, *isn't* his home.

No, this was, and still is, a fucking *prison*, and like *hell* Tommy's staying *anywhere near here* any longer.

Yeah, no, fuck *that*.

---

Four hours later, Tommy arrives to a small island just as the sky begins to light up in shades of pink, purple and orange, and shrinks his boat to sit at the bottom of one of the few trees on the isle.

He creates a flimsy torch and sets it on the dirt, leaning and stretching his sore muscles (being in a small, cramped boat will do that to 'ya), pulling out a loaf of bread and biting into it, chewing at the fluffy, brown and white texture. The steak in his hand is bitten as well, and Tommy switches between biting and chewing into the two items, until they're both gone and his hunger bar is full. From there, he pulls out his ender chest again and silently checks his shulker box contents, biting his lip nervously.

*God* does he feel nervous!

Inside the pastel purple box lies two more, one white and the other yellow, and he pulls them both out of the storage unit. He opens the white one first and narrows storm sapphire orbs at the grey inventory screen.

Enchanted tools- fishing rod, as well as a diamond axe and pickaxe-, flint and steel, a compass, a clock, seven ender eyes, blaze rods, glass bottles, a *lot* of potion ingredients, a bunch of gold blocks, potatoes, gold apples, and cooked mutton.

The yellow chest, in contrast, carries enchanted iron armor (protection 3, mending, respiration, fire protection 2, and thorns), almost half a stack of enchanted golden apples, more steak, a enchanted trident and diamond sword, a stack of apples, half a stack of hay bales, more bread, cooked chicken, a *shit ton* of ender pearls (if he wouldn't be called a wuss for it, Tommy would probably hug and cry at Deo, the wonderful bastard), some oak logs, a stack of cobble, a bow, spectral arrows, regular arrows, a bed, coal blocks, more gold apples, a couple diamonds, and over a stack of coal.

He has enough items that he can, technically, survive *very* far away from the smp, maybe tavel and live in a new server- or hell, an entirely new environment!

But his heart wants him to be even *farther*:

Somewhere far *far* away, over the rolling hills and past the thick terrain of the jungle, where *no one* will reach him.

Not even the famed Technoblade, or the forever traveling Philza.

***Especially** not Philza.*

He just... he just wants to be *free* from war.

From being a fucking *child soldier*.

From the ***abuse***.

Is that so much to ask?

'Apparently,' bitterness swells and sits heavy on his tongue, and Tommy can't find it in himself to fight that very same bitterness.

He doesn't *want* too.

Not anymore.

And even now, it's not like he can run away back to Business Bay! The others would *immediately* look there first, and Dream might even kill his friends to get to him.

He wouldn't allow that.

Like *hell* he'd allow that!

But the fact is, is that if Dream (or god forbid Techno or Phil) come to the Bay while he's *there*, they'd *absolutely* declare war, or just kill his friends just to get to him.

...

Okay maybe not Phil, but Phil doesn't take "no" for an answer, and he probably wouldn't even care all that much because he would just find Tommy, give him to Dream, and wipe his hands clean of the boy he raised since he was a toddler, rushing back to his precious *Technoblade*, without a care for his son.

His *blood related* son.

God knows that Tommy isn't ever going to come first for anyone.

Not Techno.

Not Wilbur.

Not Tubbo.

And sure as fuck not ***Philza motherfucking Minecraft.***

(To be fair, he's *never* been first. And perhaps its better that way, less chance of getting hurt. 'It doesn't matter to me,' Tommy tells himself alone at night, beneath the twinkling stars, upon his cobble tower.)

***("Then why does it hurt so fucking bad still?" A part of him screams.)***

Storm orbs trail back go the white shulker, chest tight and head clouded in muddling thoughts, until one pops into the forefront of his mind and fucking *stays there*, bright white against a sea of clouded brown and grey.

***What if we used a portal?***

Tommy flickers sapphire orbs that, just for a second, brighten, at the thought, the *idea*. 'I can use the ender eyes,' he mused, head tilted, 'I... I can use the eyes and find a ***stronghold.***'

While, yes, the ender portal is said to just lead to the end, there's an *very* old legend that tells of the portal, instead of a inky abyss with golden stars and a swirl of teal, having pastel yellows, bright oranges, and rich blues in its depths.

It's said that to make it, you have to use 5 ender eyes, one pearl, a heart of the sea, and then sprinkle blaze powder through the rest.

Everyone just thought it was just that, a legend, and never tried to recreate it- said it was just make the entire stronghold explode.

But none of them have ever been desperate to get away.

None of them have ever felt this swirling, *swindling pain* in their chest when they think of their supposed family.

None of them have been fucking *exiled* by their best friend for what's technically a minor issue that can easily be redeemed.

No one but Tommy.

And now that the seed's been planted, it's beginning to twist, grow and *flourish* at an painstakingly quick pace. He sits up, chest burning with determination, and grabs his shulker boxes, pulls out his fishing rod, and relinquishes everything but the rod back in his inventory.

Eyes burn with determination.

*'I will be **free**.* ' They say, burning like an azure inferno, *'I will be free and I will **win!** '*

---

“Well,” Tommy begins, stretching his sore muscles. He'd stayed by the shoreline, fishing up anything he could, for a good six hours, and came up with a pretty good haul of a couple stacks of salmon, pufferfish and cod- which were thrown into his shulker boxes and ender chest- as well as a single enchantment book for power 2. Seeing as he had to go looking for the Heart of the Sea, he decided that making a couple water breathing potions might be best for him long run.

So that's what he's doing.

Regular potions last three minutes, but he's decided to use redstone and made them jump to eight minutes- just easier that way, he supposed.

So once it's finished, Tommy breaks the brewing stands, and plucks the potions, strapping them to his belt (it's made of leather, and rather crudly made at that, but it holds the potions and is fairly tight around his waist without falling off, and that's all he cares about). He slings his fishing rod to his back, summons his boat, and leaves the little island with the sun high in the sky, rays beating down on his back in bright yellow and daunting orange.

"Can't believe I have to find a fucking heart of the sea," the blonde grumbles, paddling away at the water, it's bullshit! Who the fuck even *wants* a heart of the sea?

*'Me apparently,'* he pouts, glancing into the water, trying to find some sort of shipwreck.

## ***S H L I N G***

Pulling his head away from the stilled water, a trident barrels past his head, trimming stray golden tresses- said golden strings falling into the dark depths. Whipping his head towards the source, he's met with the glowing turquoise eyes of a drowned, it's form warped to adapt to the cold, salt water that had killed it in the first place.

Tommy winces, and hits it in the head with his paddle, bludgeoning it in the head, it's eyes popping out.

"Gross." Sticking his tongue out at the mere sight, he continues paddling through the vast, extensive ocean.

This might take a while...

---

Well, Tommy wasn't wrong when he said how annoying this damned quest would be- it took *a week* to find a stable, unbroken Heart of the Sea. A week that he had to ration his food, trying to save as much as possible, as well as his pearls.

Thankfully, he only wasted one pearl throughout the adventure, and that was because of a mob hoard, full of zombies, skeletons, and creepers had been gaining on him till he was at a cliff, and it was either pearl away and live another, painful day, or die. He chose to waste a pearl, and got far enough away that the mobs no longer chased him.

His stone sword broke though, he just had to mine a hole and sleep in the darkness, since he couldn't fight.

*The fact it lasted that long to begin with astounds him, honestly.*

That had been an... *interesting* night.

(Plus, the fact that phantoms were gaining on his ass the entire time and trying to hit him off the cliff didn't help either, little bastards.)

Still, he got the things he needed to make the portal (thank god he already had blaze rods, or this would fucking *suck* ), now all he had to do was find a stronghold.

Pulling out an ender eye, he tosses it in the air.

It lowers to his feet and hums, magic radiating off of its small, circular form, and Tommy cannot *believe* his luck- a stronghold, right beneath him!

“DREAM, THIS WAY! THE COMPASS POINTS OVER HERE!”

His blood freezes at the bellowing call of Tubbo ( *why is he here why is he **here?!*** ) , who is *way to fucking close for comfort*, and quickly mines down, getting down far enough where he then replaced the blocks, and just kept digging down down *down* until he hits the ground, chiseled stone beneath his fingertips.

His communicator beeps.

*[Tommyinnit has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

“*WHAT?!*”

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck!” Quickly rushing through the maze of stone and iron bars, he ignores the groans and rattles of the various zombies and skeletons and jumps through a small slot opening that he quickly blocks with cobble.

Behind, he hears babbles of voices, more and more, and his communicator beeps again.

*[Dream has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

*[Tubbo has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

*[Technoblade has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

*[Sapnap has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

*[Ranboo has made the achievement [Eye Spy].]*

“*FUCK!*” He slides through another gape and hops down a flight of stairs, slamming into the bottom row and rolling to a stop, only to spring back up and *keep running*.



Hunger begins to wane, and so do his hearts, stopping at seven full hearts.

Distinctly, he hears the pounding of feet.

Of *various* poundings of feet.

Five.

He has *five people*, two of them being some of the best fighters in the fucking *world*, on his tail, either trying to kill or capture him (for all he knows, it could be both).

*Oh hell no!*

Skidding, he hops through a library and manages to find the end portal room.

He covers the library opening to the portal in oak wood, making it seem like it's entirely natural (see, Tommy can be smart!), and pulls out his materials.

He sets four ender eyes (since one was already in), the soft clinking ringing in his ears like a siren, heart pounding against against his ribcage palpable to anyone and everyone. He pulls out the blaze powder, sprinkling even amounts in each opening save two, gently sets the ender pearl in the hole, and carries the heart of the sea, the item that will either *make or break this*, in his hand.

The oak wall breaks, shattered splinters bouncing off the stone, chiseled walls, and five figures storm inside, just as Tommy turns.

Five figures, all decked out in full netherite, swords and axes in hand and shields hanging off their arms.

All faces are set in stone, save one.

*Ranboo.*

The teen, figure hanging over the others like a curtain of shadows, is *shivering*, his eyes darting to the blue, sacred item clutched in his hands, as well as the portal sitting *oh so innocently* behind him.

His eyes widen, recognition glittering in christmas-colored orbs, and Tommy just *knows* that Ranboo knows what he's doing.

What he's *about* to do.

And... Ranboo just stays quiet, not even *attempting* to alert the others.

*'Maybe I do have someone on my side,'* he muses faintly, narrowing storm blue orbs at the group.

Then Dream opens his *stupid fucking mouth*, and Tommy *seethes*.

"Tommy," his voice is soft, wary, and so full of hidden, bubbling *rage* that, if Tommy were any weaker, would have made him *crumble*, sputtering apologies and begging for forgiveness. "Why are you here? You *know* the End is forbidden, *don't you?*"

*'Sometimes,'* Tommy thinks, lips thin and eyes sharp, *'Dream reminds me of a lot of poison ivy. Looks pretty and friendly, but once you touch it, you're forever stained and poisoned, left to die without treatment. And I...'*

He clutches the artifact.

‘...*am getting treatment dammit!*’

“Yes, I do know,” he instead replies, shifting to have his hand hover over the gaping slot, bitterness and hatred heavy on his tongue, chest tight and heart hammering, “but I’ll be honest Dream... I just don’t fucking *care*. ”

Even with the mask, he can see the blonde’s eyes turn from soft summer leaves to dark oak poison, mouth formed into a tight scowl at the blatant *defiance* the teen before him continues to show.

Tubbo steps forward, sword clasped in hand, sharp and edge gleaming in the low light of the room’s lava, voice even yet slick with poison.

Just like Schlatt.

Just like that damned *dictator*.

“Tommy, come on, you didn’t even make the portal right and you’re *still* trying to defy Dream, by going to the *End*? ” He questions, ignoring the snickering of Dream and Sapnap at the poorly made portal, jabs hidden in whispers taken at the sacred entrance, “Come on now Toms, you can’t be *that dumb*? ”

“And you can’t be that fucking stupid and blind to turn out just like Schlatt,” he shoots back, hand taut and trembling, “and yet, *here you fucking are Toby*. ”

Tommy has never heard that much venom slip in his voice towards Toby- *when did he become Toby?* - and frankly, the boy before him apparently hasn’t either, if his stumble back is anything to be considered.

Breathing, Tommy etches closer to the unopened gateway, artifact shaking, ““Ya know, I used to think that everyone here was worth fighting for,” he mumbles, just loud enough to be heard. Honestly, he could have whispered and it would have sounded like a bellowing scream, but who the hell care at this point? *Sure as hell not Tommy*. “Worth fighting and *dying* for, and that’s how I saw my discs too. They weren’t powerful, but they meant a lot to me because they were all I had of my mom. My *dead* mom.”

Technoblade flinches at the mention of Kristen.

“And now?” He pulls the plastic vinyl- Cat- out of his inventory, staring at it for a few seconds, then tosses it into the lava bubbling below, “They mean ***nothing***. And ‘ya know what?”

They stare, eyes wide, and he stares back, chest bubbling something *fierce*.

“You wanted me gone?” The whisper echoes through the corridor, “You wanted me dead? No longer in your lives? *Forgotten?*”

Silence echoes through the room, and Ranboo *trembles*.

That same silence is all the answers that Tommy needs.

“You know Toby...” his fri- *former* friend snaps his head up, crystal orbs shaking and sword clattering, “a wise man once said something to me, and I always thought he was a liar, but turns out he was right. Said something so powerful, so utterly *crazy*, that I didn’t think it was true.”

Blonde hair tilts teasingly, storm orbs glowing with a rekindled strength.

“...Do you want to know what he said, Toby?”

Shaking his head, tears rip down Tubbo's face, a steady stream of heartbreak and fear.

The tall teen stares at the group before him, clasped in enchanted, glowing netherite, and *smiles*, dropping the heart.

The world slows around them.

***"It was never meant to be."***

The heart clinks against the opening, a sharp sound against the silence.

*And suddenly his world **explodes** into color, hands gripping and pulling him back back **back** to the portal as a raging storm, bellowing thunder and whipping winds, thum in his ears.*

To where he belonged.

To where he would thrive.

To where he would be **free**.

The storm bellows in his ears again, red blistering clouds sticking to his skin, and the world falls to black.

---

Deep in the rolling hills, a small creature raises its head, ears twitching as the wind howls and the air *crackles*.

“Pika?”

---

# Cratered Joy

## Chapter Summary

A first, there was Hatred.

Then there was Disgust.

And then Disbelief.

Then Denial.

Acceptance.

And Joy.

---

OR: Tommy is found by an old wizened Nurse who decides that, this hurt child right here? Hers.

## Chapter Notes

Me? Making a plot-relevant OC???? Always.

Anyway I hope ya'll like this lady, as I sure do. Short chapter, but then again, my chapters are about 1k to 2k on average, tops- the 4k prologue was a little gift for yall.

Hope ya'll enjoy, and tell me which Pokemon should be on Tommy's team! I'd love to hear suggestions! I have them chosen already, but nearing the end, I will add 3 more Pokemon, so let's hear those suggestions you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Jane Joy awoke in Turffield at approximately seven am, and slowly got out of her comfy warm bed, yawning loudly and squinting at the harsh, sunny rays that peek through her thick, white blinds.

Her Pokemon- a male Indeedee, Delcatty, Ivysaur, and her infamous Wigglytuff respectively- awake too, yawning and stretching, and shaking their heads tiredly, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes.

Delcatty meows, blinking up at her owner only to yowl and hiss at the window, fur ruffled and sticking up.

Jane squints, narrowing basil orbs at her beloved feline, and tilts her head towards her window, long crepe colored locks falling into her face, wrinkles deepening in worry.

Latching at the blinds, she opens them-

Only to be met with a frantic, babbling Pikachu.

“PI PIKA PI CHU PI CHAKA!” It rambles, shaking it’s head and slapping it’s tiny, golden paws against the window, pointing back towards the fields, “CHU PIKACHU KA!”

The 50-something year old woman stares blankly at the Mouse Pokemon for a few seconds, causing it to ramble even further, slapping it’s against the pane again, and tilts her head to Indeedee, who stands beside her, bewildered as she was but also a look of concern on his face, “Indee, what is he saying?”

‘*He*’ because Jane has been a nurse long enough to know for a *goddamn fact* that the Pokemon before her is *not* a female- the tail would be curved otherwise.

‘*He says that there is an injured human out in the field,*’ the Emotion Pokemon answers, mind synchronized with his mistress’s own- a special little ability he found years ago and has continued to be invaluable for their practices- to deliver the important news. The Pikachu



babbles a bit more, and his brow creases, worry written all across his muzzle, ***‘He also says he proably isn’t that much older than your assistant nurse- if not, a bit younger.’***

Yeah, Jane won’t lie- that is *really* fucking worrying because her assistant is her *eighteen year old daughter*.

And if there is a wounded teenager out there, then she needs to go.

Like, *right now*.

Basil orbs turn to steel, and she nods to the frantic Pokemon before her, voice levelled but stern, “Let me get my things and call the center, and when I step outside, you are *immediately* to me to this child, understand?”

It wasn’t a request, but instead, a demand.

And, apparently, the rodent before her could understand her well enough to hear the steel promise of pain for defiance, and nodded it’s head sporadically, ear twitching and swaying uneasily on the windowsill.

Shaking her head, Jane turn towards Delcatty and narrows her eyes, “Get me Milo, and do it *immediately!*” Straightening, the normal-type nods her head, and bolts out of the room, slipping through the house and rushing outside to the stadium, thin paws galloping towards the towering structure.

“Wiggly, get me my supplies, Ivy, grab some berries, Indee, stay here and keep the Pikachu semi calm,” she orders, pulling out a pair of tights, “I need to put on some pants, then we can leave.”

The Pokemon stumble around, grabbing the necessary items, and Jane is stricken by how utterly *familiar* this all is.

(It should be, she's done this her entire life, but somehow *this* specific situation feels *different* somehow.)

~~(She doesn't like the sense of foreboding in the air, nor the lead lying in her stomach.)~~

Slipping on the pants, as well as some boots, she grabs her leather satchel and slings it across her body, and gestures towards her Rotom Phone, voice soft yet so full of frigid stone that it would make hardened veterans *tremble*, "Call Koral, I want a sterilized room set up *stat*. "

The Rotom beeps, already calling her daughter, and Jane slides out of the room, grabbing her cane on the way to the door. All three of her Pokemon stand at the doorway, and she pushes them out to meet the Pikachu- which is *still* babbling. Poor thing's throat must be *sore as bloody hell* at this point- that waves its hands sporadically, ears twitching and cheeks sparking nervously.

Jane stands to attention, back straight and cane slamming against the ground, eyes sharp and full of untapped *strength*, "Show us to them."

Pikachu does just that, zipping off towards the fields, and the group follows after, bounding through the yellow, rolling hills and grey brick walkways, mindfully batting at the wild Pokemon that jump into their path (Jane will hates Galarian Meowth, and the fact that Ivy grabs a particularly fierce one and *chucks it* into the trees is so hilarious that if she weren't busy with a task, Jane would *laugh*) and continuing on, keeping track of the bold, babbling Pikachu.

He brings them before a hedge and enters carefully, crowing pitifully, "Chuu...."

Poking her head through, Jane enters and almost drops her cane, eyes wide and abstract *horror* filling her body like poison.

A crater lies before her, a good five feet deep, ground gorged and *twisted*, trees broken and warped around it (faintly, she can feel true, overwhelming *power* crackle in the air, and her

hair stands on end as her chest *quakes*).

And in the middle of it all, a teen in a pair of torn jeans and tattered shirt, no shoes, and just about *covered* in blood and grime. Warm blood dribbles down his leg into his wet, crimson socks, a thick branch punctured *through* his left thigh, his exposed arms covered in burns and scars.

Blood trails down his face sluggishly, gold tresses sticking to his head and turning a deep carrot color.

**‘...Is he alive?’** Indee steps closer cautiously, face stricken with horror and worry, **‘Mistress, is he alive?!’**

“I-I... I-I don’t...”

The boy’s hand twitches, and that’s all Jane needs to get moving, sliding down into the crater with an ease that should *not* befit her at her old age, and falls to her knees beside the young male, ignoring the mud and dirt pressing against her leggings.

Pressing her fingers against his neck, she waits, mentally counting to three, and heaves in relief when a pulse bubbles beneath her fingers.

Not a strong one, mind you, but she’ll take what she can get.

“Indee, I need you to use Psychic and carry this kid!” She orders, “Ivy, keep your vines beneath him in case of an emergency catch! Wiggly, Pikachu, keep the other wild Pokemon *the bloody fuck* away from us!”

**‘RIGHT AWAY MISTRESS!’** Her medical partner straightens his back, eyes turning blue, and the child before her *floats*.

She isn't letting a kid, barely into his teens, fall prey to death's clutches.

*Not again.*

---

Waking to the sound of a constant beep that pops in and out pretty much every other second isn't the type of thing you would *normally* wake up too.

But damn, when has Tommy been *normal*?

( 'Once' a part of him whispers into the cooling space, voice his own but tone so akin to ~~Dream's~~ own sugary flounders that it almost makes him *physically ill*, 'you were **once** *normal*.' )

(If Tommy tells his brain to shut up and it just laughs at him, can anyone really blame the hurt he feels inside?)

~~(Man this trauma's got him all kinds of fucked up huh?)~~

Storm orbs creak open, only to shut themselves ten times quicker at the bright, overbearing light above him. A gasp echoes through the room, and something clatters to the floor as small, quick clicks (heels?) fall out of the room, a sharp cry echoing through the building.

“MOTHER MOTHER! HE'S AWAKE!”

“Wha...?” Eyes slowly adjust to the light, and Tommy moves just the *slightest* bit.

And *oh man*, does that fucking *hurt*.

It hurts enough that it tore a *wail* from his throat, body shuddering and rolling in pain, spasms wrecking through his body like netherite through the undead skin of a zombie.

Hands- withered, old, calloused yet so utterly **warm** - brush against his face and hair, smoothing it down as a soft, feminine voice whispers in his ears (he couldn't understand the words and, quite frankly, *he didn't want too*) sweet nothings that he can bring himself to comprehend.

Minutes pass, and so does the pain.

Tommy opens his eyes again (when did they close?), and clouded sapphires meets concerned, shaded basil.

And the world *spins*.

---

Beyond Galar, hidden beneath a facility, a heart *beats*.

---

## Chapter End Notes

guys,,, your comments, give me your feedback,,, it fuels me p l z,,,

Edit: there were a few misspellings so I went and fixed those as well as made a FUCKING CHAPTER NAME.

# Nurse's Lounge

## Chapter Summary

Jane and Tommy talk

## Chapter Notes

A chapter that's 1.6k words.

Also art at the end of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

Awakening a second time hours later, Tommy grasps at the piping, porcelain cup in hand, thick dribbles of tea sluggishly swaying in the cup, and stares down the old woman before him, eyes narrow.

Unlike anyone he's ever seen, Jane (as she told him to call her) has long, greying pink hair- sure, Techno has pink hair, but he's a *hybrid*, meaning he's kinda exempt from the "never before seen hair color" due to his lineage. The woman in front of him is *entirely* human- and ivory, spotted skin. Her hair, tied into large, soft loops hangs behind her, only jostling when he drinks her tea, her nurse uniform untouched and clean. She's older too- older than even Phil-, based on the defined age lines on her face.

Outside the room, beyond the glass, Tommy can see Jane's assistant- another pink haired woman, this one a deep, rich color that heavily reminds him of pink terracotta, her skin darker and eyes seeming more like a chocolate brown than Jane's own leaf-colored ones.

“So,” the woman begins, setting down her cup, “what is your name young man?”

“...Tommy.”

Eyes soften at the hesitance, and she shakes her head sadly, “I mean full name, young one.”

“...” Hands twisting around the porcelain cup, Tommy licks his dried lips, a metal twang on his tongue, and answers. “Thomas Craft, ma’am...”

“Interesting name,” she muses, leaning back. Her hands make a series of gestures, and the woman outside nods, leaving the window and heading down the hallway, “are you from Galar?”

“...The fuck is Galar?”

The room *freezes*, and basil orbs narrow in consideration, staring into his own pair of stormy blues with *something* strong on her face- disbelief? Bafflement? Tommy doesn’t know what it is, but it seems like some sort of emotion akin to those two.

Jane opens her mouth, eyes still narrowed dangerously, and Tommy can feel the air *shift*. “Galar is the region you are in right now? Are you from one of the others? Kanto, Johto, Hoenn, Sinnoh, Unova, Kalos, or Alola? Or perhaps even the Orange Archipelago, Sevii Islands, Orre, Fiore, Almia, Oblivia, Ransei, Ferrum, or even Pasio?”

The blonde stares blankly at her. “I’m... I don’t know *any* of those places...”

Her brow furrows in confusion, head tilted, “Well, you would have heard of at least *Unova* if you were from the Decolore Isles, so you can’t be from there... child, where is your home?”

“L’Manburg.”

The brow furrows further, “There isn’t a place called L’Manburg here, dear.”

“Of course there is!” He argues, jostling, “I’m from the esemble! Essempi!”

“...There isn’t any places called that, dear.” Shaking her head, she taps her cane on the floor, and *stares* at him thoroughly, “Tommy, what do you remember?”

He opens his mouth, but pauses, running over his memories. He remembers... a bad person in green, a man in grey saving him, fire (lots and *lots* of fire), a revolution with... people, some music, crying as his surroundings explode, an absolute, sinister crunching in his chest as he watches the people around him turn red or disappear and... running away. He can remember some prior things vividly, like his best friends Deo, Luke and Bitz, but...

Not anything else.

Like mobs? Sure, he can remember the endermen, creepers, skeletons and zombies, but *people*?

He... he can’t remember *people* for some reason- nor their fucking *names*.

***Why can’t he remember their names?***

His chest *heaves*, and Tommy feels like he’s going to fucking *break*- like he’s forgetting *so many* important things and his chest *hurts*.

***God does his chest hurt.***

His bed dips, and wrinkled fingers weave through gold tresses, a soothing hum echoing in his ears, and his pillow (what pillow? When did he get a pillow?) rumbling something *fierce* in



his ears, heart rattling in his chest from the intensity.

It felt nice. Made him feel... warm.

*Safe.*

*'It's nice,'* he thinks to himself, pressing deeper into the rumbling as hands weave out of his hair and instead encircle themselves around him tightly, body swaying to some sort of song he just doesn't know and doesn't *care* to know or learn.

He just want's to *listen*.

"It's okay Tommy," the woman hums, eyes closed and cheek pressed against the crown of his head, "you don't have to remember child, I'm sorry. Just better, okay? I'm sorry."

"...Okay."

He doesn't want to remember their names anyway.

He just...

He just *doesn't*.

Maybe later, but not now.

His chest feels too heavy right now, full of lead yet breathy, like he's being crushed beneath the weight of memories, of actions he doesn't even **remember**.

*'This feeling sucks,' he muses, nuzzling into the nurses warm, strong arms. 'This feeling sucks real fuckin' bad.'*

***He hates this.***

"Though, Tommy, I have one question in turns of remembering..." Jane pulls away a bit, staring into the younger male's face, her own set into a warm, worried frown, "do you remember what a Pokemon is?"

"...The fuck is a Po-kay-mon?"

---

"How bad is it?" Koral asks, frantic, as soon as her mother steps out of the room and shuts the door, "Is he okay?!"

"He'll be fine dear... maybe," Jane breathes, running a hand through her bangs, ignoring the sharp hiss of "*MAYBE?!'*" . "He's a bit fucked up, Koral, I won't lie. He obviously was abused and neglected, and seems to have selective amnesia of some kind."

Her son- Turffield's own Gym Leader- steps up, his Eldegoss plopped upon his shoulder and rubbing her head against his face, cooing, "How so mum?"

"Well for one, he doesn't remember faces, names or places," she muses, tapping the spiraling oak cane against the floor, "or, if he does, he replaces the names with something else- like calling his former town "L'Manburg" or his country "Essempi". Not only that... but he has *no recollection* of Pokemon *whatsoever!*"

The others wince at that, shooting the boy in the room a look of pity. "Nothing?" Koral questions, pressing a hand against her chest, shoulders hunched. Her Minccino chitters, pressing their face against their mistress's cheek, but it does little to calm her growing anxiety and distress.

“Nothing,” Jane affirms, shaking her head.

Milo frowns, glancing at his younger sister, “Koral, didn’t you run his name through the international system? Did you find anything?”

She shakes her head, chocolate eyes disturbed with her pupils blown, “N-No, nothing. There’s no “Thomas Craft” in the system *anywhere*- not even in *Orre*! And I don’t think he’s lying about his name...”

“He’s being honest,” Jane mused, rubbing her chin, “Indee confirmed in through psychic transmission- Tommy is and has been entirely honest with us so far.”

“Which means, if there isn’t a Thomas Craft, he might’ve come through long-term teleportation... wasn’t there a huge storm that completely wiped out a small island near Unova?” The pink-haired males asked, tilting his head. Eldegoss coos, swinging nervously upon his wide shoulder, and he pats her head.

“There was,” Jane admits, remember seeing the news, “but it *can’t* be that.”

Her daughter narrows her eyes, and crosses her arms, “Why not?”

“Because long distance teleportation uses a *huge* amount of psychic energy, enough that any Pokemon in the area would have scattered as soon as it touched the air. Indee would have let me *know* if there was such power in the air, but there’s *nothing*!”

Ah.

Yeah, they suppose that’s a good point.

The family quiets, processing the information, when Koral shoots her head up, snapping her fingers as if she just got a great idea, “Hey, what about wormholes? If this ‘L’manburg’ place doesn’t exist here, maybe it exists in another dimension!”

“Isn’t that stretching it a little *too* far, Kors?” The older man asks decisively, crossing his arms with furrowed brows, expression set into one of puzzlement.

“Not really,” she answers, shrugging, “Alola recently got a huge surge of wormholes, and I’ve seen one or two open just outside Galar borders- whose to say that this time we got one *inside* our borders? If you don’t believe me, there’s actual documentation of all of these events- look if up!”

Minccino bobs their head agreeingly, chittering softly, tail swiping in the air.

Humming, the nurse glances back into the room, at the boy who flips through a book on Pokemon, amazement glittering in his eyes at the various creatures (she’d let him use it after he had shown no knowledge of the ancient, powerful creatures) displayed in the various photos. Lips purse in thought, and Jane rubs her chin in thought, humming again, “Well, he obviously doesn’t know his way around Galar, and I don’t particularly feel comfortable letting a mere *child* go out with almost no knowledge of the entities that populate our society.”

Eyes trail back to the teen, his gold-spun hair bouncing as he laughs, and her heart softens.

“...I’ll be taking him with me,” she decides, closing her eyes, “I can file the paperwork to become his temporary guardian, shouldn’t be that hard. Best get to it then... Milo, be a dear and make some curry, would you? I have work to do.”

And with that, Jane leaves the two be, stumbling through the hallway to her office.

Milo and Koral glance at each other again, and split off- Milo towards the kitchen ( ‘*I wonder if he’ll like sausage curry...*’ ), and Koral towards the front desk, heels clicking against the marble tiles.

Behind them, a Pikachu sits atop a metal cart, staring at the child that fell from the sky.

Staring at the laughing, awed child.

Staring at his aura- a bright, warm little thing.

Staring at the spiraling crimson cloud tattoo along his left hand, it's ridges glowing faintly in the dying light.

His chest tugs at the glow- at the *feeling*- , and he *knows*.

This trainer... this *boy*...

Is *his*.

---

[Tommyinnit Pokemon Clothing I drew!](#)

---

## Chapter End Notes

Comments... i love them... p l e a s e.

Also artwork link above lol uwu

# Pretty Pog

## Chapter Summary

Heard yall wanted pokemon interactions, so here ya go :)

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

The sun is said to be a symbol of power.

Of flourished life, hanging beneath it's roaring rays, a blistering warmth that plagues the planet even in the harshest of tundra's.

A symbol of companionship, and trust- heat interlocking to create something warm, combating the cold that plagues the rest of the world. A protection against evil, some would say.

And as Pikachu stares at the boy hidden behind the glass, bandaged hands slipping page against page, ink against ink, he finds it's an accurate representation of the warmth that surrounds him, a string of aura brushing against the boy's own and *shivering* in anticipation at the potential bond.

The kid is warm- like a kindling light, a lantern- but not blistering hot.

Not an inferno.

Not a wildfire that eats and eats and *eats* away at the mass around them.

His ears twitch anxiously, and with a final brush of aura, he slips past the doorway and into the room, towards the child that has his instincts *screaming* to protect (brokenkinmustsavemustprotectprotectprotect **protect**).

Paws drag against the marble tiles, and with a small chittering of “**Hey**”, chestnut brown and sapphire blue meet.

Something in Pikachu’s chest tightens, heart hammering against his ribcage.

On his neck, the cloud tattoo that marks his fur burns *red*.

---

When Tommy had finished speaking with Jane about Pokemon (if not for her releasing one of her Pokemon, a Wigglytuff, from it’s sphere-like confines, he wouldn’t have believed her at all), he’d been baffled and awed, which only increased when she handed him a book on various kinds of Pokemon that Galar- the region he currently resides in- carries in its borders.

Charizard.

Eevee.

Gastrodon.

Frosmoth.



Noivern.

All amazing Pokemon, with interesting looks that still tell those that look at them *what they are*. But his chest- his *heart*- pulls when he discovers a specific little line of electric mice that leaves him all fuzzy and warm.

### ***‘Pichu Line - The Thunder Mice’***

***‘Pichu’***

***‘Pikachu’***

***‘Raichu’***

***‘Introduction:*** *There is absolutely no doubt about it; Pikachu is famous. As one of the most widely distributed electric types in the world, and with fame both in and out of battle alongside its adorably cute looks, Pikachu and its evolutions are beloved amongst the entire world. It’s line is known for its speed and acute power, commanding electricity with incredible skill. The Pichu Line is one of the most well documented Pokemon in the world, both in a human’s care and in the wild, and many of trained Pikachu to specifically keep society running. ’*

***‘Description:*** *The Pichu line is, and always has been, insanely bright colored- it is a way to keep predators away by letting them know that if they come close, they will likely be shocked. The brightly colored spots on the cheeks of all three evolutions are known to be where the electrical glands are stored- these glands also dictate how healthy the Pokemon is based on color and saturation. ’*

*‘Electricity generation is complicated in Pokemon on the best of days, and many species use unique methods to gather, produce and channel the various sources of electricity. Pikachu use the most common method through specialized cells it carries called electrocytes, which help generate and store electricity. They are special nerve cells that are entirely separate from Pikachu’s Central Nervous System, to what has commonly been described and documented as the Voltron Nervous System. ’*

*'The most magnetically, electric-sensitive organs on a Pikachu and its brethren are the electrical sacs that reside on its cheeks, and the grounding nerves inside its tail.'*

*'Electricity can be pooled into the whole of the Pichu line's bodies in a make-shift form of Agility, in order to heighten their speed, though the younger the specimen the more dangerous this is.'*

*'Raichu, Pikachu's evolution, is a rodent-like mammal that-'*

***"Hey."***

Tommy freezes, and snaps his head over to the side of his bed where the voice resides, and doubletakes at what stands before him.

A Pikachu.

An honest to Ender, real life *Pikachu*.

It looks a *tiny* bit different from the one in the book- its tail is has a little tuft of hair at the end, as well as on its forehead, and its ears aren't tipped black, but instead a very dark brown- but all in all it's still a *fucking Pikachu*.

Tommy blinks, "...Hi."

(He ignores the flashing of red beneath his bandages, thinking its just his wounds acting up.)

*(It's not.)*

Grinning, the small yellow rodent shoots up and plops itself on his bed, laying down, form reminisce of a cat doing the famed cat loaf (he will not laugh he will not laugh he will *not*-) , mouth pulled in a pleased grin, ***“Hi Tommy, nice to see you’re up!”***

“...How the *fuck* do you know my name?!”

***“I listened to the elder,”*** it- no, *he*- snorts, swiping its lightning shaped tail against the bed, ***“and you can understand me? That’s a first! Never met a human that can understand Pokemon before!”*** He chirps, smiling cheerfully at the human before him.

Tommy blinks again, staring at the small rodent, “...You can’t be serious.”

***“Nope, totally am!”*** Pikachu smiles, swaying, ***“Only psychics can communicate with humans, and even then it’s rare! So for a human to just understand our language is practically unheard of!”***

“Oh,” he swipes his hand- burningburningburning **burning-** against the leather cover, and swindles himself further into his pillow, pressing his face against the soft material, form hunched and curled into a ball on its side.

Pikachu patters forward and sits beside his head, tail pressed again the back of his neck, the baby hairs pricking up at the natural static the small mouse projected.

***“So,”*** He curls, and *smiles* at the human boy, ears twitching- high and alert yet so *fuckin’* adorable- ***“are you doing any better?”***

“Mhm...” How long has he been awake? Must’ve been a while, his eyes burn against closed lids- a telling sign that kept them open too long, “fine...”

***“Oh, okay, just making sure!”*** Tommy honestly can’t tell if the Pikachu understands he just doesn’t want to *talk*, or if he’s just naive.

Either way, he'll take it.

***“Oooh, hey Tommy!” “Mm?” “Wanna hear the time my siblings and I accidentally stumbled upon Bewear territory?”***

He smiles, and nods, leaning further into the pillow.

The mouse brightens- if that's even *possible*- and chitters away cheerfully, ears twitching and cheeks sparking, ***“Okay okay! So, it was my sisters and I, playing in the forest on the edge of town...”***

Tommy falls the longer the story goes on, and within the hour, he's snoozing away, Pikachu curled into the small of his back, purring softly, basking in the warmth of the human.

*His* human.

Beneath layers of bandages, a tattoo flashes.

Beneath layers of concrete, metal and rock, slit pearl orbs peek through it's crimson casing, staring down the man before it for a few long seconds, falling back into its deep slumber once more.

---

Less than a week later, Tommy is in Motostoke beside Milo and Koral, Pikachu perched atop his shoulder, glaring at the crowds ahead of them.

His injuries had healed enough that he could walk around normally- on the term that he take his pain medication at least once a day-, and even leave the hospital! Though, based on Jane's

motherly expressions, he wouldn't be leaving Turffield anytime soon.

So, since the boy had literally almost *nothing* save the clothes on his back and a worn bag, he was driven to the closest boutique and shoved inside to look for clothing.

Now, of course he couldn't wear his old clothes- those were destroyed beyond repair, sadly. Wilbur's jacket, however, shockingly survived-, or anything ratty, so Milo had given him an oversized sweater with a black tank top to wear underneath, and a pair of jeans and some old boots that *somehow* fit.

(Also, now that he's actually *standing*, Tommy is *extremely* intimidated at Milo and Koral's sheer *height*. Koral is a tall woman at six foot two- just an inch taller than Tommy himself- but Milo is fucking *huge*. Like, six foot eight huge. It's *bullshit*. Tommy feels like a fucking *child* compared to the man!)

Despite his gripes about being shoved inside, Tommy *can* admit that the clothing feels nice against his skin- he usually only wears his one shirt brand because its the *only* thing that doesn't scratch uncomfortably against his skin-, and he riffles through a few shirts, Pikachu still on his shoulder, humming.

"What'd ya think about this, bud?" He pulls out a white shirt with a yellow stitching across the neckline and sleeves, "Looks good, right?"

**"*Yeah it does, but look at this!*"** Pikachu chitters appreciatively, nodding, and points at a periwinkle, turtleneck sweater- it looked a lot like Ghostbur's, if only without the blue blood and different color scheme. **"*It's a sweater! It would look great with that one leather overcoat you have!*"**

"Ooh," he swipes the oversized cloth, noting the stretchy, soft yet sturdy material, "good eye!" Tommy testingly stretches the fabric a bit, beaming, "This is a pretty pog sweater, not gonna like. I like it! Let's get it!"

**"...*What did you say?*"**

He pauses, glancing at his companion, quirking a brow questioningly, “What, that we’re getting it?”

“**No.**” The mouse shakes his head, “***That one word, ‘Pog’. What does that mean?***”

“Uh...” He blinks, “I guess... I guess the right definition for it is ‘awesome’? Or something close to that. Why?”

“***Because I’m making it my name now.***” Was the definitive answer.

“I- *what?*”

Pikachu- no, *Pog* grins at his owner, tail twitching and cheeks sparking, “***Tommy, you can just call me Pog now! Imagine me, a Raichu, with a name like Pog! Doesn’t that sound cool?***”

Silence rings between the two, and Tommy smiles, amused, just as he sets the sweater down.

“Pfft, yeah, sounds pretty poggers bud. Sounds pretty fuckin’ poggers.”

---

## Chapter End Notes

The info in this chapter is heavily inspired by the fanfic "A Zoological Guide to Pokemon", great fic i tell ya.

Also have a redbubble now! Im sharing it to my tumblr soon, so check that out! Also you can talk to me there too, I love to interact with yall!!!! Any questions and I'll answer.

# Family

## Chapter Summary

not a long chapter but more Tommy and Jane fluff, as well as we see Tommy with his two new Pokemon Jane gave him.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

----

***“Tommy.”***

“ ... ”

***“Tommy.”***

“ ... ”

***“Tommy.”***

“ ... ”

***“Thomathy.”***



“ ... ”

Pog frowns at his partner, and slaps him with his tail, the short morning rays cresting overtop Turffield's rolling hills and stout buildings, ***“THESEUS!”***

“Eh?” Tommy jolts awake- though *very* drowsy ( ***‘probably his from his meds,’*** Pog concludes)- and rubs his stinging cheek, glaring at the two foot yellow rodent who has the *audacity* to *grin* at him, “Pog, what the fuck?!”

***“You needed to wake up,”*** the Pikachu huffs, hopping off the bed and flicking his ear, cheeks puffed out, ***“Granny Jane is making breakfast, and I don’t wanna miss it just because you’re too fuckin’ lazy to get up before noon!”***

Tommy scoffs at the rodent, but Pog merely shakes his head again and bounds out of the room and down the stairs towards the kitchen.

Shaking his head, and running a hand through long, golden tresses, he pulls through the knots and swings his legs off the bed and onto the soft carpet, yawning.

It's been a week since Tommy moved in with Jane Joy, and the two and their Pokemon have quickly fallen into a routine, splitting the chores between the groups. Jane will handle breakfast and dinner, laundry, running the vacuum, her vegetable garden, and grocery runs, while Tommy handles lunch, the dishes, weeding the garden, moping the floors, dusting, and folding the clothes.

Nothing too big, of course, but enough that the two could interact plenty of times while still having their own space outside of their rooms. Speaking of his room, Tommy's new room is *nice*- not particularly *big*, but definitely nice.

His bed is one of those twin-size beds with drawers underneath it- specifically four, and it's where he stores his clothes-, blue-grey walls, an thin oak desk with a laptop, whiteboard, a white rolling chair, and a dark blue set of drawers underneath the desk. Two rectangular shelves are attached to the walls, and a lamp sits at the table beside his bed for lighting. His floor is polished oak, and mostly covered by a soft, fuzzy white rug, which expands over to

his closet where his coats, jackets and sweaters hang inside. Finally, a wide, two piece window with white shutters looks out onto the rolling hills and excess roads over his bed, and twin silver hooks are attached to his wall, his backpack and Wilbur's fixed, cleaned jacket hanging off of it.

Again, it's a *really* nice room, and Jane pretty much forced him in it, scolding softly about how she is *not* letting a young man like him sleep on her couch for god knows how long, and that it'll cause more bad than good for his back.

He only huffed at her, but listened anyway- god knows that woman *will* get what she wants, weither people like it or not.

Another loud yawn forces itself out of his mouth, and Tommy stretches, sighing quietly when his back pops, stiff from the lack of movement. Seeing as he doesn't have to get ready until *after* breakfast, Tommy instead stands, slips on his charizard slippers, and stumbles out the room, hands continuously running through his hair to get out the knots.

Stumbling through the house, he finally gets down to the kitchen (and if he almost slipped down the stairs, *no he didn't*, shut up) and tiredly greets the wizened woman hovering over the stove, the Pokemon sitting at their own little table, waiting for their bowls to be filled- though they *did* have a plate of biscuits and toast that they were all munching on.

"Mornin' Granny," he yawns, rubbing at his eyes, obviously still exhausted.

"Good morning Little Man," she hums in reply, stirring the pan with a wooden spoon, "how did you sleep?"

He flops into his seat, and mumbles his thanks to Indee when the psychic-type hands him a cup of orange juice, sipping at the contents and sighing as the cool liquid runs down his throat, "Fine, overall, thanks to Khali," he mumbles, the Shuppet perking up at her name and cackling, swooping over his head, giggling childishly to herself. "And Seto helped me when I woke up in the middle of the night thanks to..." He pauses, and that's all he gives.

The Ralts- a small little thing- chirps, munching at a biscuit, smiling proudly.

“Wonderful,” Jane shoots him a relieved grin, shoulders sagging, “I knew getting you those support Pokemon was a good decision.”

“Mhm,” He sips at his juice again, and lips quirk when Khali nuzzles against his cheek, cooing her greeting of “*Cute human, love human, human no nightmare!*”

Strange words, but she *is* a ghost, and ghosts are *weird*.

~~*Ghostbur is living proof of that.*~~

“Thanks Khal,” he scratches her beneath her chin, and she purrs loudly, rubbing her face against his cheek, “*Friend human, human friend, human family!*”

He smiles, and rips off a piece of toast, handing it to the small puppet-like ghost, who chirps her thanks and snatches it, cackling as she zips back to the other Pokemon.

Jane smiles at the teen, shoulders drooping, “Oh thank Arceus, you’re beginning to heal...”

Tommy glances at her, raising a brow, “What’d you say granny?”

“Nothing, you little brat, nothing at all.” She rolls her eyes when he spits a tired, but fierce “*Bitch*” at her and shakes her head, dishing up the plates.

Indee grabs two and uses **psychic** to set the other plates on the table, eyes glowing softly, an aura surrounding the porcelain cutlery as he sets it down. Seto nods to his fellow psychic type graciously, who returns the notion with a bow of the head, and once Jane sits down, breakfast begins.

Forks and spoons scrap against the plates, and Tommy hums at the burst of flavor sitting innocently in his mouth, chewing slowly to savor it (he's quickly learned that he doesn't have to eat quickly or hide his food, Jane wasn't- *isn't*- like that. In fact, she often gives him enough money to buy some snacks, and he can keep them in his room to munch on), "Twis wis relly gwod," he mumbles, chewing on the mixture of rice, sausage and eggs.

"Thank you," Jane smiles patiently at him, and takes a bite of her own plate, humming quietly, "So, are you going out to train today?"

"Yeah," He nods, chewing at his food, "thought Pog, Khali and Seto might want some help on their moves- better to have a mastery over a few than varying levels of success on multiple, right?"

Jane grins, patting at her lips with her napkin, "Very good, you're learning quickly Tommy, I'm proud of you!"

The teen flushes, and shies away with scarlet cheeks (awfully reminiscent of Pog, oddly enough), "...Thanks granny..."

She smiles again, and sips at her coffee, humming in thought, "Have you remembered anything of note lately?"

Tommy frowns, and huffs, lazily rolling a stub of sausage around on his plate, "Not really... just kinda a mask, some explosions, and like... people talking?" His brows furrow in thought, "But every time I try and remember *what* they're saying, my head begins to hurt really bad and I just... just stop thinking about it."

"...Odd."

"Mhm," he bites into a slice of bread, pouting, "Yeah, but to be honest? I... don't really care about remembering, in all honesty." He shrugs, and Jane shoots him a bewildered stare, brow creasing, "I mean, I have you, Koral and Milo, on top of Pog, Seto and Khali-!"

***“What are we, chopped liver?”*** Moonie scoffs, turning her nose at the teenager beside her.

“-as well as Moonie, Indee, Ivy and Wiggly. I... I don’t *need* those old people granny,” he shakes his head, a warm, worn smile ignited by sun yellows and oranges, “I just *don’t*.”

A tense, awkward aura hovers in the air at the boy’s declaration, and Jane *smiles*- all teeth, and shockingly menacing for what *seems* like a kind old grandma- “Well said little man, *very* well said in fact!”

Tommy’s cheeks flush, and he turns his head, huffing, cheeks scarlet and shoulders hunched though his eyes *glitter* at the admission of praise, joy flaking in the ocean blues.

While he doesn’t remember much, he *does* subconsciously preen at the praise- his body knows, even if his mind *doesn’t*.

Standing, Jane grasps her plate and hauls herself over to the kitchen, scrubbing at the plate, “It’s my day off,” she reminds him, lips turned in amusement when she sees him glance at her, face scrunched in silent confusion, “which means that you don’t need to clean today- go out and train your Pokemon kiddo, and take your Rotomphone with you, won’t you?”

The confusion bleeds away, replaced with bustling *excitement*, and Tommy squeals, rushing out of his chair and up the steps in bouncing bumblings, chattering the whole way. Pog sniffs, grabbing another biscuit, and hurls himself up the step, Seto and Khali floating after him.

***“Such an interesting human,”*** Seto notes, glancing at Pog, who preens subconsciously- it *is* *his* trainer after all!-, grinning at the Psychic and Fairy type. ***“Yep, sure is! Always on the move, that one- travelling with him will be quite fun, don’t you think?”***

***“Mouse boy is right!”*** Khali chirps, snickering when the Pikachu shoots her a withering stare, ***“Our little sunshine is gonna be so much fun! He’s kind, so sweet, and with that hint of sass! Oooh, gotta love a guy with sass, and he rocks it, don’t you think?”***

***“Khal,”*** the Ralts rolls his eyes at her as they bustle up the steps after their trainer, ***“you’re rambling again.”***

The Shuppet’s mouth forms a ‘o’ shape, her face flushing in embarrassment, ***“A-Ah, oops! Sorry Seto!”***

***“Doesn’t even apologize to me,”*** Pog grumbles, long ears pressing against the flat of his head.

***“What do I have to apologize for? I’m right you yellow fuck!”***

Another sharp glare, matched by sparking cheeks, is shot her way and Khali *grins*, cackling at the absolute bafflement and annoyance the small rodent has for her. ***“Oh screw you bitch!”***

***“Oooh, fucking a ghost? Kinky!~”***

***“THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT AND YOU FUCKING KNOW IT!”***

Her smug grin widens, eyes twinkling in mirth, ***“Pfft, yeah, sureeeee I did~”***

Seto slaps his paw onto his face, dragging it down, ***‘These two I swear to Arceus will be the death of me.’***

“Hey guys!” The three Pokemon pause, and glance at the doorway, where Tommy Joycraft-wearing Wilbur’s coat, a pastel blue sweater, brown jeans and hiking boots- beams down at them, eyes crinkled joyously, “Ready to get to training?”

Khali zips up to her master and nuzzles his cheek, cooing, ***“Of course, my precious human!”***

***“HEY!”*** Pog snorts, hopping up his trainer’s shoulders and snapping his jaws at the clothed ghost, who snarls at him with glowing, narrowed eyes, ***“I got him first, so he’s MY human!”***

***“YOU STUPID RODENT!”*** Her eyes glitter dangerously, and lips pull into a taut frown, ***“HE’S OUR HUMAN, YOU DUMB FUCK! GET IT RIGHT!”***

***“GO FUCK YOURSELF YOU CLOTHED BOCOCKIE!”***

Khali gasps, and if she had hands, they’d be pressed against her chest, her expression forming one of indignant pride, lips curled, ***“HOW DARE YOU?!”***

Tommy watches their interaction with raised brows, lips curled in amusement, “They’re gonna be like this all day, huh Seto?”

The Ralts snorts, sitting atop the boy’s right shoulder, rolling his eyes, ***“Indeed.”***

“At least it’s never a boring day!” The teen chirps, beaming brightly, flicking his thumb against his phone to pull up the Pokedex app, “At least give them that!”

***“Quite. Now if only they would shut up. ”***

---

Chapter End Notes

writers block go brr





# On the Road

## Chapter Summary

Let the games begin

## Chapter Notes

Hey so after consideration this will be more of a oneshot series, where the chapters are fairly long but also impactful. There's plot but im not writing every instance of a fic, absolutely not.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

“Do you have your Pokemon Box?”

“Yes aunty.”

“What about your camping gear?”

“Double checked, and yes I do.”

“Lighter?”

“Yep!”

“Pokeballs?”

A hand pats at a human’s clothed hip, the arm belonging to none other than Tommy Joycraft, adopted grandson of Jane Joy, who beams at the group proudly, “Always got ‘em!”

“What about potions?”

“I put those in his bag earlier,” Milo quips, “three regular and two super potions.”

Koral huffs at the towering man, who idly sips his coffee, and transfers her eyes back to her nephew, lips pursed, “What about water filters, fishing lures, first aid, and flashlights?”

Tommy pats his bag, smirking at the tall, overbearing woman, “All right here auntie!

“Koral, deary, leave the poor boy alone!” Jane huffs, swatting at her daughter’s calf with her cane, the small woman yelping at the sharp pain. She swerves to glare at her mother, but the old bat just beams crooked teeth- *daring* her to go against her.

After a few moments, Koral huffs and turns away, pouting.

“So you have Khali, Pog and Seto?” Milo wonders, tapping a finger against the rim of his mug.

His son- god even a month after having the paperwork finalized it still sends such a *soft feeling* rushing through his body at the thought. *His* son, *his* big man- hums, nodding, pointing to the three capsules that each contain a sticker on them. Pog’s has a yellow thunderbolt on it, Khali has a small, black cloud, and Seto’s carries a small red heart.

Stickers are the only way that Tommy can tell his Pokemon’s Pokeballs apart, otherwise he’ll get confused- especially since the red and white capsules all look the exact same- as such, he

carries Pokemon seal stickers- ordered directly from Sinnoh- in his backpack to use when he's caught a new Pokemon.

He has 5 of each sticker- it costed him a damn pretty penny (3'300 Pokedollars to be specific), but he'll be damned if it wasn't worth it- and that *includes* the *extremely* rare liquid, burst and twinkle seals, on top of the entire alphabet.

Tommy spent a good third of his entire saved up allowance, but *damn* if it wasn't worth it (besides, now his Pokemon get pretty effects when they come out to battle, which can be *really* helpful, especially with seal stickers like smoke which completely hide his Pokemon from view).

"Yep, right here!" He chirps, and giggles when Khali nuzzles his cheek, cooing in his ear, rambling "*Excited excited explore explore new friends explore freedom!*" all the while.

"That's good," his father smiles softly, and ruffles his golden locks. *'I'm going to miss braiding his fluffy hair,'* a part of him whines, and Milo can't find it in himself to disagree, but keeps quiet on that thought as he and his family stare at the boy they adopted.

It's been just over three months since Tommy tumbled his way into their lives, and he has long since left a lasting impression on them. Not only that, but he's no longer a walking stick- instead, he is now a lanky yet energetic 16- almost seventeen- year old boy, with three *very* protective Pokemon.

Even though its been almost three months since he got his Pokemon, to this day, Pog still curls up beside his human, as does Seto, and Khali is still hugged like a teddy bear to the boy's chest, taking away the frequent nightmares and replacing them with soundless dreams of laughter and freedom.

He certainly still has a mouth on him- *Arceus* does he have a mouth on him- but it matters not; he's still their sunshine, and they'd be damned should it ever changed.

Tommy's memories have also been... slow going. He's remembered some names and faces- most prominently Wilbur and Tubbo- but the moments seem more... bittersweet. A sweet

taste that turns bitter the longer he reminisces on it. Other things he's remember seem small and inadequate at the moment, though they are always wary.

(They don't question why Tommy hates masks, they don't question why he flinches at smile emojis or emoticons, and they *definitely* don't question why he awakes, screaming of cracked porcelain and florescent green. They just *don't*.)

"Then I guess you're ready," Jane muses, tapping her cane against the ground, "just... be careful, yeah?"

Pog snorts from the boy's shoulder, and Jane takes silent note of the beaming grin instead twisting into a wavering smile, but doesn't draw attention to it.

Tommy will tell her- *them*- when he is ready.

And if he's never ready?

Well, that's fine too.

Koral eyes her nephew and sighs, holding out her hand, "Your rotom phone." She orders sternly, lips only pulling when the boy blinks at her, "Hand it over for a minute."

She barely catches the thrown smartphone, stumbling it in her hands, and sends the boy a nasty stare, nose crinkled. However, she returns her attention to the phone, thumbs dancing against the screen for a few minutes, and hands it back calmly.

"I added a Pokedex app," she says before he can open his mouth, turning pink lips into a smug smile, "while I know you have to head over to Magnolia's anyway, she isn't the most 'tech savvy' professor around, and is more likely going to forget that you don't have a Pokedex. Thus, viola!" She gestures to the phone to three apps on it (Tommy can barely make out the words **ProDex**, **DataDex** and **PokeRadar**), "ProDex and DataDex are essentially the same thing, however ProDex allows you to look at the Pokemon and their

entries, their moves, your party, natures, abilities, TMs, and more! DataDex is pretty much the same thing but more in depth I guess- it's also the most common "National Pokdex" app, since ProDex is majored by Macros and DataDex... *isn't*. DataDex is also your multi regional bank and on the go ATM! It can do wireless tractions, which are definitely useful on the road."

"What about PokeRadar?" The teen asks, pointing at the app. Pog leans closer to the screen, his nose scrunching up in thought.

"It's essentially just what the name says," Milo states, sipping at his mug again, "a radar for Pokemon. Type in your location, it will send out a signal and take note of every Pokemon in the area, then tell you where they are or when they come out. Gym leaders and ace trainers use it all the time to balance the perfect team- gym leaders specifically, due to only having a single type range, they need to keep track of which Pokemon can bring more to the table in term of advantages."

Tommy blinks, and it's like a lightbulb goes off in his brain, "Wait, you mean like dad's shiny Tsareena? The one he caught out in the wild area?"

"That would be one I got using the radar, yes," he admits, smiling at the thought of his ace. Truthfully, his Tsareena is probably his most powerful Pokemon by far, having defeated his Chesnaught, Shiftry, Ludicolo and Frapple. It was only with his Cacturne that he finally got the damned thing to go down, but damn if it wasn't the best battle he'd had in *years*.

Plus, he now has a secret weapon for the league cup, so there's always that.

(He loves Eldegoss and Cherrim, he really does, but they're... just not made to be battlers. Bellossom, on the other hand, is fucking *bloodthirsty* and if there's any Pokemon he is surely terrified by, it's his very own Bellossom. That little dancer *decimated* Melony's Frosmoth and Weavile, all because the two taunted her for being a "helpless little girl". Helpless his ass, Melony's prized Frosmoth *still* can't fly straight!)

Tommy's mouth forms a quick 'o' shape, and ocean blues sparkle in interest (he already has a list of Pokemon he wishes to capture, like Noibat, and if this helps him, then all the better, right?) "Oh really? Mmm... I'll check it out later!" He pockets the phone, "Thanks again guys! I'll call you before I go to bed tonight!"

Jane nods, and shoos him out the door, huffing, “Good, now get on with it! If you don’t leave now, you’ll never go!”

“Wow, fuck you too granny, I’ll remember this on your death bed.”

“Oh hush you Arceus damned string bean, get out and in that damned cab!”

He huffs, but climbs into the cab, his Pokemon scrambling onto the seats. The doors slam shut, and the remote steel box is carried off into the sky, the Corviknight driving tall and wide, its titanium feathers glinting in the morning sunlight.

His heart clenches at the quickly fading sight of Turffield, clutching Pog to his chest.

That was- *is*- his home, and he’s *leaving* it.

Leaving his *family*.

***Abandoning*** them.

(And why does that make his heart ache so bad? Why does the thought of abandonment remind him of bees, honey, dark wings and joyous laughter that was never for him? Why does it hurt so bad?)

(...*Why does it feel like his family doesn’t want him anymore?*)

***“You okay there partner?”*** Brown eyes crease in worry, staring up at his precious human, sparks tingling against his cheeks.

“...Yeah, I’m okay.” *No I’m not.* “Want to use one of the apps and check out your movesets and entries?” Tommy deflects, smiling thinly at the small group.

Seeing as they would be a good half hour, the trio glance at each other and nod. Tommy’s smile turns just a *tad* more realistic, and he whips out his smartphone, clicking the ProDex app, “Anyone wanna go first?”

***“OOH OOH ME!~”*** Khali pushes Pog out of the way, beaming, ***“I CALL GOING FIRST! DIBS!”***

***“HEY!”*** The mouse snarls at the clothed ghost, sparks along his cheeks once more and eyes gleaming, ***“MY TRAINER FIRST!”***

***“Exactly!”*** She pouts at him, whining, ***“You’re his first Pokemon, but none of us get any time with him anymore! So I call dibs this time, fuck you!”***

***“Why you little-!”***

“Alright calm down everyone,” Tommy flicks both of them in the end, and Khali spirals midair from the attack. She pouts, and Pog huffs, rubbing his forehead, “you’ll *each* get a turn. But Khali called dibs bud, that’s just how it is!”

Her chest puffs out, and quickly blows a raspberry to the Mouse Pokemon, who snarls in response.

Sighing, he holds up the device, and it a beam of crimson scans the ghost, who startles but doesn’t move.

The application beeps, and it’s entry is quickly read aloud, **“Shuppet, the Puppet Pokemon, a Ghost type Pokemon. First discovered at Mt. Pyre in the Hoenn region, this Pokemon likes to eat up emotions like malice, jealousy and resentment, so many people are grateful for it’s presence. It is commonly used as a Pokemon for those in anger**

**management or therapy, and cuts bad habits at the bud. It is an overall good companion, and it's evolved form, Banette, is one of the few Pokemon available for Mega Evolution. This Shuppet has two abilities, both unlocked; Insomnia and Cursed Body. It is of the feminine sex, and is currently placed at level 12. This Shuppet knows the moves Knock Off, Screech, Night Shade, Foul Play, Spite, Telekinesis and Icy Wind. It has two locked egg moves."**

Tommy glances at Khali, quirking a brow in thought, "Is this true?"

She gapes at the device, nodding her head sporadically, ***"YEAH! All of it's true! Didn't know I had Cursed Body though... eh, that's probably why some moves suddenly stop working on me."*** Khali shrugs as best she can with... ya know, no hands, arms or shoulders. ***"I also don't have too much experience with Icy Wind, despite it probably being my second most powerful move. The elemental energy for it is just... really hard to call upon, ya know?"***

"No," he admits, sighing, "but that explains why you didn't tell me you knew it. Next time, do tell me, okay?"

***"M'kay!~"***

"Now for Seto..." Tommy sets the camera to scan the calm humanoid Pokemon, who glances at him calmly, then returns his attention to his book- Percy Jackel and the Lost Trident.

**"Ralts, the Feeling Pokemon, a dual Psychic and Fairy type Pokemon. First discovered by Misao Katsuri, the original Psychic type gym leader of Hoenn, Ralts is a Pokemon that is highly attuned to the emotions of the people and Pokemon around it. It is naturally a shy Pokemon because of this, and shies away from contact with other. As of 2001, it is one of the most commonly used PTSD therapy Pokemon in the world. It is an overall good companion, and both of it's evolved forms, Gardevoir and Gallade, are those who are available for Mega Evolution. This Ralts has two abilities, one locked; Trace and Telepathy (locked). It is of the masculine sex, and is currently placed at level 10. This Ralts knows the moves Growl, Disarming Voice, Double Team, Confusion, Hypnosis, Ice Punch, and Reflect. It has two locked egg moves."**



Tommy whistles in appreciation at the assortment of moves that- while small- are practically invaluable for a fight. Seto is definitely a glass cannon, but he's powerful in his own right and that is fucking *glorious*. "Holy shit Seto, you've been holding out on us!"

***"Yeah no shit asshole, what the fuck?"***

The Feeling Pokemon only flips a page, sniffing, ***"Watch your crude language you uneducated neanderthalic rodent, there are those of us with brain cells that we would rather not lose due to your constant output of stupidity."***

Wow.

Okay.

*Pretty* harsh for such a little Pokemon.

"That sass should be illegal," the blonde snorts, covering his mouth, Khali having burst into peels of laughter at the utter *brutality* of her best friend, ***"YEAH GET HIS ASS KING!"***

***"I'll kill both of you I swear to ARCEUS."***

***"Maybe when you're actually threatening you might,"*** Seto licks his stubby fingers and flips another page, ***"until then, I'll have to take a rain check."***

Pog's ears and single eye twitch irritably, ***"I hate you. Arceus do I hate you."***

"Oookay moving on!" their human cuts in, sweat dribbling down his face at the thought of his Pokemon fighting within the flying cab.

Not only would that get them kicked out- if not straight out *banned*- , but these two fighting would likely destroy part of the cab and Tommy *pales* at the implication of that.

The cab itself was over a thousand pokedollars just for a one way trip over a single city and wild area, but *destroying* the cab would likely put him in debt and cripple his family, should they learn of it.

So, yeah, *not happening*.

**“Pikachu, the Mouse Pokemon, an Electric type Pokemon. The Pikachu line was one of the first documented, domesticated Pokemon worldwide, and as such has been studied and restudied again and again. It is an extremely popular pet and battler, both from it’s versatile moveset and striking intelligence, thus making it a deeply beloved creature worldwide. It is generally seen as a good omen, and is the reason why storm watches are so accurate, due to the stations having a Pikachu or Raichu on standby. Pikachu’s basic nature is to store up electricity, and because of this, forest that nests of the Mouse line live in are highly dangerous, since the trees are so often struck by lightning. The Pikachu line’s final evolution, Raichu, has two forms- Kantonian and Alolian-, and Pikachu itself is one of the few Pokemon able to Gigantamax. This Pikachu has the ability Static. It is of the masculine sex, and is currently placed at level 8. This Pikachu knows the moves Play Nice, Sweet Kiss, Nuzzle, Charm, Thunder Shock, Tail Whip, Growl, Quick Attack, Thunder Wave and Double Team. It has two locked egg moves.”**

Tommy’s brows rise in surprise- he knew Pikachu were deeply beloved and documented Pokemon, but he didn’t know they were one of the *first* domesticated Pokemon! Besides that, Pog knew a total of *ten* moves- Pokemon generally, at their normal roundabout, knew twenty moves total, with elite and champions knowing about twenty five to thirty. Pog knew *ten* moves at only level *eight*!

That’s fucking *crazy*!

**“Bruh,”** Khali scoffs, **“you’re the weakest and you know ten moves. What bullshit!”**

**“Get on my level,”** the mouse brags, puffing out his chest.

***“No thanks, I’m above your level actually, don’t want to downplay myself or anything.”***

***“Why you little-”***

Butting in, Tommy rubs his hand against his partner’s head, smiling softly, “You’re a strong little man, huh bud?”

He puffs out his chest again, preening, ***“As always, big man!”***

“Oy, kid,” the driver huffs up front, rolling his eyes, “we’re here!”

“Oh!” Tommy blinks, and looks out the window- all grass, very *very* close by, with a long set of rails passing the mountains, a silver train station built within the hillside- “Thanks big man! Here,” he exits the vehicle and slaps a twenty dollar bill into the man’s hand, beaming, “keep the change!”

The driver grumbles as Tommy slams the door shut, and within seconds, the Corvicknight carrying is flying through the air against the thick rushing wind.

Seto gently sets his book into his satchel, glancing around the area, ***“So, this is the so called ‘Meetup Spot’ station,”*** he muses, taking note of the various humans mulling about, ***“can’t say I’m too impressed.”***

“Me either bud,” the mummer slips out unwanted but he can’t take it back now. And based on the looks of Khali and Pog, they both agree as well.

**“HEY, YOU, WITH THE BLONDE HAIR AND PIKACHU!”**

Tommy glances around, and upon seeing no one with that description, turns to face the shorter, cyan eyed ginger, various heart shaped clips tied into her ponytail.

“Me?”

“Yeah!” She calls, hands cupped around her mouth, “YOU MILO’S BOY?!”

“Uhh...” He glances at his team, who all shrug, “...yes???”

The ginger breathes, sighing in relief, and beams at him, skipping closer, in her heeled boots, “Oh thank goodness, I’ve been looking for you everywhere!” She chirps, grinning ear to ear, “I’m Sonia Magnolia! My grandmother is the Professor, and told me to give you these!” She hands him a small box and Pokeball, “The Pokeball is a Scorbunny that was leftover from the starters given out by grandma, so when Milo and Nessa told us about you, she thought you should take her! And the box is the basic trainer kit- some gloves and goggles, a few thousand Pokedollars, five Pokeballs, and three potions! Not a whole lot, but you can buy more from the Pokemart in the station.” She recalls, twirling a strand of carrot-colored locks.

“Is there another reason you’re doing this?”

The girl- Sonia- shrugs, still wearing that sunny grin, “I mean, Nessa is my girlfriend, and ever since she met you that one day-” Tommy remembers Nessa- a super model and gym leader, and also his dad’s childhood best friend, “-she just *begged* me to help find you a gift. And since you like Pokemon so much, well, I thought giving you a starter might be good for you!”

Huh.

He didn’t know that Nessa cared so much... weird.

*‘I’ve only met her once and she cares this much,’ his brow furrows, ‘kinda weirdchamp, not gonna lie but hey, I’m not gonna turn down a potential friend!’*

“Thank you,” he says instead, bowing his head, “I’ll make sure to take good care of Scorbunny!”

Sonia smiles, nodding her head in response, “I’m sure that you will! Now I gotta get going, I have much to study in the wild area, and it’s best to check out the dens before they run out of Dynamax energy. See ya!”

And with that, the ginger skips off down the hill, a Yamper barking beside her, nipping at her heels.

“She was kinda weird,” the blonde muses, shaking his head, clipping the Pokeball to his belt- he would bring the bunny out for dinner, and decide what to do with them from there. “Ready to go guys?”

A chorus of cries cheers from around him, and Tommy’s smile is all teeth.

“THEN WHAT’RE WE WAITING FOR?! LET’S GO!”

---

## Chapter End Notes

did i really write 3.3k words? yes i did. do i care? no

also i love comments plz i love to read them p l z

also anyone have fav stories updated just for them to be "haha april fools"? Because i sure fucking did

i hate this holiday

# Country Road

## Chapter Summary

The wild area is a place of many mysteries, and ancient stories long lost. A home of strong and weak Pokemon alike, and shockingly, the rolling fields feel like home.

Tommy finds himself missing things he can't remember.

## Chapter Notes

HI THIS WAS HARD TO WRITE BUT UHHHH WHATEVER IG??? TAKE IT

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

---

The group managed to get through about an hour of travelling until they landed themselves smack dab in the middle of the rolling fields, where they had to stop for the rest of the day due to the clouds above them crackling ominously, dark and heavy, leading Tommy's stomach tight with a sense of unease and foreboding.

He didn't like it much.

Still, Tommy- with the help of his friends- managed to set up their tent in a matter of minutes, as well as plastic blue sheet that covers the entire tent, as well as a good few feet in front of the entrance- just large enough that he can set down his camping gear and pull out his pans to make curry.

Setting down his camping pack, he holds out an arm and taps his right wrist with his left hand, a transparent, glowing window glaring to life in front of him. His mind called it his inventory, and he quite frankly learned not to question because his *mind* said it was “*normal for him*” even if it isn’t for other people, but Tommy can’t deny the usefulness of it, so he keeps quiet on its existence.

The screen has a 3D model of himself, a small two by two grid at the top, and then a consecutive 36 white slots- ten of which are currently being used.

There’s a glowing book, some meat and vegetables, a strange dark-turquoise like orb, a glowing bottle, a blue glowing pickaxe (why is everything *glowing?*) , a water bottle with a white ‘8’ at the bottom, and a dark green box with a purple glowing outline (again, ***why is everything fucking glowing*** ).

Now, had he not experimented with his inventory beforehand, he would be hard pressed to allow meat to sit in there, but he found out that if he put items inside, they would stay the exact way they were put in when he eventually took them out.

It was a *very* worthy find, quite honestly.

So, he reached into the square space, took out six potatoes and carrots each, and waved the screen away, the window vanishing in a gust of white.

Rumbling, he pulls out Scorbunny’s Pokeball and clicks the button, releasing the tiny rabbit into the open plains.

It blinks at it’s surroundings once they come into full view, the burning light fading, and immediately settles a sharp glare on Tommy, who raises his hands in the universal sign for “I surrender”, “Hey, don’t look at me, you were gifted to me by that Sonia chick! I’m just trying to travel and cook!”

The white, fiery bunny narrows their eyes dangerously at him, then huffs, ***“Gimme a carrot and I won’t kick you.”***

“Pretty weird flex mate but alright,” he throws one of the carrots to them- her, it’s a *her*- and the small rabbit grabs it midair, biting into the orange treat and nodding in thanks.

Using on of the water bottles on hand, Tommy fills the iron basin he has stored away in his backpack and begins washing the food, making idle chat with the fire type while the rest of his team hunt the various trees for unclaimed berries, “So, got a name?”

***“Brat.”***

Tommy pauses, and shoots the bunny a bewildered glance, “That’s... a *unique* name.”

She- Brat who names somebody *Brat*? - shrugs and takes another bite of her carrot, ***“Maybe, but hey, it’s my name and I like it how it is. What about you blondie?”***

“Tommy Joycraft.”

Brat pauses, furrowing her brow at the human with eyes bluer than the ocean and hair the color of spindled gold, ***“You have a last name?!”***

He blinks, and nods, “Yeah? What, is that rare or something?”

***“In Galar? Not really, but the rest of the world has an unspoken rule that essentially boils down to ‘last name equals important person’.”***

“*Ah.*” Right, he remembers about learning about that stupid rule- Kanto, Johto and Sinnoh are the worst about it, while Unova tends to have similar ties with Galar, though only the middle class or higher have last names for whatever reason- and thinking it was- still is in fact- the *stupidest* rule he’s ever fucking *heard*! He counts his lucky stars he got spotted in Galar and not anywhere else. “Right, *that*. It’s pretty stupid if you ask me, but I don’t make the rules, so go off I guess.”



***“Humans are fucking weird.”***

“They *are* a weird ass species.”

Her nose crinkles, ***“You were not supposed to agree with me!”***

“But you’re right,” he hums, taking the washed food and beginning to chop them up, “humans *are* weird, and there is no shame in admitting that fact.”

***“... You’re bloody strange, ‘ya know that?”***

Tommy beams, glancing at the girl beyond blonde lashes, “Indeed I do brat, indeed I do.”

She huffs, plopping down beside him and biting into the carrot again, chewing on the crisp orange root, ***“So, you’re my trainer now...”***

He throws some of the potatoes into the pot, humming, “Yep!”

***“So that means I’m going to battling.”***

“Yeah!”

***“And through battling, I’m going to get stronger.”***

He nods, humming a small tune, chopping away at the carrots, “That would be correct!”

“...” She bites into her carrot again and chews, glancing up to her trainer- who was, admittedly, *very* pretty with the golden spun hair and baby blue eyes- and scoffs, cheeks flushing and lips turned, ***“Fine, I guess I can make due with you as my trainer. Don’t expect us to be buddy buddy though, got it?!”***

Chapped lips quirk at the edges, blue orbs trailing towards her in interest, “No, of course, I would never!”

***“Wiseass,”*** Brat mutters, furry cheeks still pink, and their conversation quiets just as the others return from their berry picking, carrying two tamato, wiki and magost berries. Tommy’s eyes glow joyously at the roundup.

***“Yo, Toms! We got some of those berries you asked for!”*** Pog chirps, jumping atop his trainer’s shoulder, dropping the berry into the male’s palm, ***“Does this mean we’re getting the good kush tonight?”***

***“Pog please,”*** the blonde whines, shaking his head at the yellow rodent- he should have *never* allowed his partner to discover meme culture-, “not in front of our new teammate!”

***“Teammate?”*** Khali echoes from behind, blinking, only to spot the tiny white bunny and gasp, eyes sparkling as the berries drop from her kinetic grasp, ***“OH YOU! YOU’RE CUTE HI HELLO!”***

***“Khali, your gay is showing.”*** Seto sighs, using confusion to catch the berries, lest they bruise, ***“for Arceus sake woman, withhold yourself!”***

***“Screw you buddy, I see cute girls, I go for it!”***

***“I’m not interested.”*** Brat deadpans, ears pressing against her head as her brow twitches- ***‘Such a strange group,’*** she muses quietly-, not even blinking when the Shuppet gasps as if struck, heartbreak all across her face.

***“TOMMYYYYYYYY!”*** The ghost wails, rushing over to her owner, ***“THE NEW PRETTY BUNNY GIRL DOESN’T LOVE MEEEEEEEEEE!”***

***“A lot of people don’t love you Khali, why are you even surprised?”***

***“Shut the FUCK up Pog, I wasn’t talking to you!”***

“Guys, calm down please, I’m trying to cook,” Tommy groans, shaking his head as he stirs the pot, throwing in the berries and last scrapings of carrots, “Lets just eat, okay? Seto, can you grab the plates please?”

***“Sure.”*** Waving the plates over, they dance over his head, a quiet pink shine surrounding them as they hover, and Tommy quickly piles them on the small table he set out, fanning at the flames a little bit more beneath the pot so the broth boils.

“Rotom, please scan Brat- I need to know what she has and what we can improve on!”

The phone chitters, the smugly grinning image of Rotom flashing on the screen for a second as the item hovers, only to be replaced with the photo of a Scorbunny running.

***“Scorbunny, the Rabbit Pokemon, a Fire type Pokemon. A line of Pokemon that is famous for playing football- or rather, soccer, as it’s called by the Unova- and playing to win. Scorbunny’s and their evolutions are insanely competitive, and are usually good sports if they win or lose- they are actually where humans got the idea for soccer from, after seeing a wild group of Cinderace, Raboot and Scorbunny play the game in a burnt out field. A warm-up of running around gets fire energy coursing through this Pokemon’s body. Once that happens, it’s ready to fight at full power. This Scorbunny is of the feminine sex, and is level 9 and has the hidden ability Libero. Currently, this Scorbunny knows the attacks Tackle, Ember, Growl, and Quick Attack. It has two locked egg moves.”***

“Ooooh nice,” he grins impishly, a training plan already brewing in his mind, “I think I got a good idea for you bud, but first...”

He taps the metal ladle against the edge and beams, chest puffed out, “Let’s eat!”

The rice- which had been in the pressure cooker his father stuffed into his camping kit- was a perfect golden color (as it should be), and he quickly dishes up the plates, drizzling the spicy yet sweet concoction of fruit and vegetables on the left side of the rice on each plate. Then he sets up the utensils- stainless metal, just like the plates- beside the dishes and beams, chest puffed in pride, “My own recipe- a spicy and sweet potato and carrot curry! Enjoy!”

Pog grabs his spoon and quickly takes a bite, groaning at the brush of flavor, ***“Were you planning this? Because this is much better than normal, what the hell Toms?!”***

***“I agree with the rat!”*** The ghost cheers, biting into her own, ***“This is great!”***

***“I concur,”*** The Ralts adds, taking his time to clean his plate while his trainer sits across from him.

Brat crinkles her nose, but hops down to the empty plate, sniffing at it. The aroma, she finds, fits her taste just well, and with narrow, wary eyes, she uses the spoon given, scoops up a bit down the middle, and takes a bite.

Her eyes widen at the blast of flavor that assaults her tongue. Her mind blanks out, and the next thing she remembers is an entirely cleaned plate before her, as she sits, patting her round tummy.

***“...It was good.”***

Tommy smiles, wiping at some silverware, eyes glinting with mischief, “With how you ate? I would say so! Good thing I made extras to eat for lunch tomorrow huh?”

***“Mmmmmmm....”***

Swiping at his own plate, Seto smiles, eyes crinkling behind his long, even green hair, ***“Well Thomas, I don’t think that Scorbunny will be leaving anytime soon- don’t you?”***

***“Screw you asshole, I’m staying to get strong, not the food!”*** She huffs, rolling onto her feet. Tommy snorts, rolling his eyes, “I would hope so, otherwise my feelings would be hurt!”

***“GO FUCK YOURSELF BLOODY ‘YE ARSE!”***

The blonde glances down at his partner, eyes twinkling with mirth, “Is this what it’s like to be a parent with a teenager? Because if so, I never want kids.”

***“Sounds about right big man.”***

***“Oh fuck you!”***

Rolling his eyes, Tommy waves to the group, catching their attention, “Okay okay, lay off it you guys! Let’s get some shut eye and then we’ll start training in the morning- yeah?”

Mummers of agreement wander through the air, the four stretching or yawning.

Tommy beams, “Good, not get on to bed! We have a lot of work to do tomorrow!”

Sleepy nods ring as his answer, and fall inside the tent to rest, just as Tommy checks his journal, tapping his pencil against the schedule, “Yes, we have *lots* to do these next two weeks...”

---

***(6 AM, Rolling Hills Galar) (Date - 4 / 23 / 20)***

Bleary eyes creak open as his phone pings in his ear, the overcast sun splaying out over the hills a quiet reassurance of untouched beginnings and quiet mornings.

Golden hair tangled and rustled sways as he props himself up, rubbing at his eyes exhaustedly, lean, thin muscles flexing with every movement. “Mornin’...” He greets his Rotom, who beeps in response to the daily, groaned greeting, then stretches his arm as high as he can, murmuring out forbidden curses when his bones pop and crackle, “What’s the time Rotom?”

***“Six o’ one in the morning, sir!”***

“Thanks,” he yawns, stumbling to stand before making his way out of his tent, his floating phone following after him.

The male grabs a loose towel off a low branch, running a hand through his hair and wincing when his fingers pull against the tangles, and grabs a brush as well, stumbling down to the quietly rushing river, filled with Magikarp and the occasional Arrokuda swimming in it’s depths, and strips himself of everything except his boxers, throwing himself into the frigid water after dropping his towel.

If Rotom didn’t wake him up, the water sure as hell fucking did.

Head surfacing, Tommy Joycraft gasps, shuddering from the cold water yet basking in the rich, warm sunlight.

***“Forecast says it’s going to be an immensely sunny day today!”***

He runs his fingers through his air, smiling at the floating appliance, “Thank you Rotom, appreciate you.”

***“As you should.”***

Rolling blue orbs jokingly at the smug tone, Tommy scrubs at his body and hair, mind flashing over the past two weeks.

His team had somewhat stayed at their original spot, only moving when a much stronger Pokemon entered the vicinity, now being at the edge of the East Lake Axewell sector, but the training he and his team had put themselves through had done wonders for their body and mastery.

Seto, first and foremost, had evolved the day prior after a long day practicing his moves, and with the evolution came a whole new slew of power that had previously been locked away. He could easily lift three heavy boulders the height of Milo and not even break a sweat when the timer runs out, and his height had increased as well- what had once been an averagely sized Ralts was now a three foot tall Kirlia with a knack for pissing off opponents with his sharp, biting wit.

Tommy found it heavily amusing that the entire team seemingly took offense to the priory second smallest Pokemon on the team becoming the largest within an instant.

And based on the taunts that's been spilling out the dual type's mouth- he finds it just as funny.

Secondly, Pog could now use Shockwave, Iron Tail and Agility- a move he would learn usually only through level up- with shocking ease, and Rotom said the rodent had risen his level to sixteen- making him the third strongest Pokemon Tommy had on hand. He also forgot a few attacks because frankly, they were entirely useless, but he quickly replaced them with attacks like Reflect, Electro Ball and Feint- so Tommy can't be *too* upset at his partner.

Tommy can also easily tell that Brat is on the cusp of evolving- she had been plenty strong when he first got her, but he had almost doubled her strength since then. Her kicks could now crack boulders like a fucking *egg*, and the spot she would end up hitting usually have large pivots in their stone surface, so there's *that*.

Arceus knows that if she kicked a person, she'd probably either kill them or destroy their ability to have kids.

He winces at the bare thought of the rabbit kicking a man in the crotch, and he can almost *hear* the squeal of pain that would flounder through the air.

Yeah, *not fun*.

Finally, Khali had become just as strong as Seto, being the only one who can defeat him in a 1v1 battle, and she damn well *knew it*- always challenging him to afternoon battles after training to try and push both of them to their limit. Fighting her seemed to be a challenge with her naturally mischievous nature and roundabout of moves, which now included Shadow Ball, Will-O-Wisp, Feint Attack, Shadow Sneak and Feint Attack.

Khali won more than she lost and it apparently *infuriated* Seto, which was more amusing than it should be allowed to be- seeing the well put together psychic-type in a hissy fit.

Four reasonably strong Pokemon, easily enough to fight his dad- that Tommy goddamn *knew*- but still weak in the grand scheme of things.

***“Bzzt, Sire, Niki is awake!”***

Blinking, Tommy gasps and chucks himself out of the river, hurriedly drying himself off as he ran back to the campsite, only to be met with a wet-eyed, white Vulpix.

“Shhh shhh it’s okay Niki!” Swiping the pearl-coated fox up, he pets her back like that he did of Granny’s Delcatty, and the fox buries her nose into the crook of his elbow, sniffing, “Papa’s here bud! Sorry for not coming back soon enough princess, papa won’t do it again, promise!”



***“You better not...”*** She grumbles, swiping a paw at her snout, sniffing.

He glances at the tent and rubs the Ice-type’s ears, feeling her purr rumble against his chest, “Hey, princess, why don’t you go wake the others while I get breakfast started? We have a long trek to Motostoke after all, and the quicker we eat and pack up, the quicker we can get there!”

Nose twitching, the vulpine ponders over the option for a few moment, nodding, ***“M’kay papa, I’ll wake up the others. Put me down?”***

“Of course!”

He sets her gently on the grass, and she turns to lick his cheek- a common affection for her- and run into the tent, likely to turn the entire thing into a snowy wonderland should the others don’t wake to her whining.

He’d found the small fox abandoned in a bush earlier in the week, egg shell pieces scattered around her, baby-blue orbs wet with emotion. Small scratches and even a couple of burns littered her form- though they were easily reversible with some ointment and potions- and if Tommy *had* to guess, her parent had abandoned her.

Tommy had found her, plucked the frighten fox from her placement, and healed her as best he could, cooing over her like she was a baby- and essentially she was, Rotom said she couldn’t have been older than maybe a day, if that- and he was the caring, considerate parent.

*“What should I call you?”* He’d asked, smiling at the girl when his mind was assaulted by images of a girl with long brunette hair, running her fingers through his own and cooing at him through the night. Her eyes sad, yet so full of life- a nature of something so frankly *familiar* yet so *mysterious* that he can’t quite place-, the scent of freshly baked cakes and pies following her like a calming melody- a siren’s call that beckons all to come closer, only to be burned when the time is neigh.

Niki.

*Nihachu.*

***N i k i.***

The woman had blended in his mind's eye, disappearing into wisps only to be replaced with the quiet, bleary eyed fox and he had *smiled*, cooing at her as the sun basked over the horizon, "*Welcome home, Niki.*"

And just like that, he had a new member to his family, who he had on or by his person at all times, lest she throw a fit.

But his little princess grew fast, and it was like she was already a child and not the newborn baby she once was. Soon she'll be fully grown, and she'll win her first battle, and *arceus* why does that make him so damn teary eyed just thinking about it?

***"Uh, sir, breakfast?"***

Blinking, Tommy shakes his head, "Right right, let me just get dressed real quick and I'll start!"

He pulls out the necessary supplies to make toast and sunny-side eggs, making sure the entire thing is cooked thoroughly, before serving the portions on plates alongside some water. His Pokemon yawn as they awake, and quickly get to eating.

Having already eaten, Tommy begins cleaning pans and utensils, before setting them inside his "Micro camping kit", alongside his training equipment.

***"Why are you rushing big man?"*** Pog wonders, crinkling his nose in thought, munching on some buttered toast, ***"Isn't it just a training day?"***

“No! We have to get to Motostoke today to check into the Budew inn, remember? If we don’t we’ll miss the opening ceremony, and won’t be able to challenge the gym leaders for a *whole year!*”

The group freezes, mind mulling over the information, until they all yell in surprise and chow down on their remaining food, hurrying to clean the items used.

They’d been training for this occasion for *two whole fucking weeks*. There is ***no*** fucking way they’re missing this!

If they’ve eaten a small breakfast, so be it, they want to get to the city as quick as possible! And they can just get an early lunch when they get there, so there’s that too.

Say what you will about Tommy, but he’s always a guy that arrives on time- never ‘late for the party’, as others say.

So, with items packed, he returns everyone- save Pog, who absolutely *detests* the red and white capture device- to their Pokeballs and fucking *books it* through the plains, boots thumping against soft dirt beneath his feet, grains swishing with every movement.

*‘This is my shot!’*

The figure of Motostoke looms in the distance, growing closer and closer with every step.

*‘This is my chance!’*

Grass tightens into smaller clumps as he gets closer to the main road, now just dirt and grass surrounding wide lakes.

*‘My chance to **be** something! And I-’*

Sun hanging high, Motostoke falls into fruition before him, and Tommy *grins*.

*‘-am going to see it through!’*

---

## Chapter End Notes

leave comments and bookmarks plz they fuel my ambition to write :')

# Double Trouble! Two Trainers enter the scene!

## Chapter Summary

Me: hello yes hi i have chapter here \*yeets\*

Or:

Tommy makes two friends / rivals.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

---

Motostoke is known as “The City of New Beginnings” in Galar, being the one place where the starting, gym challenge conference was held every other year, welcoming the new and old blood that comes and goes with every challenge.

And truly, Tommy can see why the city earned its name.

It’s new, yet somehow still retro in a way he can’t really put his finger on- old yet new, the past mixing with the present in a well blended shade of grey- neither white nor black, but *grey*.

Something about the entire thing seemed wholeheartedly refreshing, and the blonde can’t help but breathe in the crisp air, Pokemon flying overhead, cooing as they set onwards towards their families, chirping when they see them in sight.

It makes his heart hurt for some reason.

***“Hey Tommy, look!”*** Sitting atop his shoulder, the weight comforting in a way that Tommy cannot even *begin* to express, Pog points at a Pokemon Center, ***“It’s a Pokemon Center!”***

“Yes Pog, I see that.”

He pouts, ***“Well, take us over to get healed! It’s been two weeks since we’ve been a center, a quick heal could do us good! Plus, we can find out a bit about Motostoke!”***

“Hm...” He rubs his chin, mulling it over. *‘I guess... I guess it wouldn’t hurt to let the others heal up a bit, right? And getting a layout of the city from a local might be a good decision in the long run, especially since I’ll have to come back to Kabu’s gym...’* “...Fine, let’s go.”

He ignores how his partner pumps his fist, grinning, tail brushing against his back as a silent, supporting gesture, and Tommy appreciates it more than he lets on.

Stepping into the center has him flinching upon entry- ***‘WHY ARE THERE SO MANY PEOPLE HERE?!’***- and he quietly tries to get to Nurse Joy, brushing past the crowd of gathered trainers, both new and old, flinching when one glances at him.

They scoff and go on about their business.

Sighing, he reaches the counter and smiles thinly at the nurse, who beams cheerfully, “Hello! Welcome to the Motostoke Pokemon center! How can I help you today?”

“Hi, I’m Tommy Joycraft,” his smile grows more truthful the more he’s in the jolly woman’s presence, “I would like to heal my Pokemon and learn a bit about Motostoke and the trainer initiation, if you please?”

“Of course!” He hands her the spheres and Pog hops off his shoulder (she doesn’t seem surprised, and as he glances around the room at the various people and Pokemon, yeah, she

probably has seen a lot of people with their Pokemon out), chirping excitedly, “The initiation has been pushed to tomorrow morning, but it has been deemed mandatory to be checked into your hotel tonight, and to check into the stadium to put yourself onto the list!”

That makes sense, he supposed.

His Pokemon are put on a tray, and a female Indeedee takes them to the back to be healed.

Joy waves her hand, catching the blonde’s attention, and he flushes, embarrassment flickering across his face, “AH! Oh my Arceus, I am *so sorry!*”

“It’s alright dear,” she shakes her head, “I’m guessing you’re new to Pokemon centers?”

“My grandmother and aunt in Turffield work in one, but they always heal my Pokemon at home, so yeah I guess I kinda am...”

“Oh!” Her eyes alight with curiosity, “You’re Jane’s grandson?”

“Yeah?”

“Oh, that old bat won’t stop barking about you!” She huffs jokingly, pale hands on her hips, “She’s driving the rest of us *crazy* with her talk! Though, at least I can see that she’s right—you seem like a kind young man who loves his Pokemon.”

He frowns, tilting his head, “They’re my family, why wouldn’t I love them? Its not like they’re slaves or something! They’re people, just like us, just with superpowers!”

Joy smiles, though it has a saddened tilt to it, “Heavens, I wish more people thought like that kid.”

“Don’t they?”

“No. Not at all.”

She seems upset, but shakes her head, replacing her frown with a grin, “Nevermind that! Would you like a pamphlet of the city? It tells you a lot of nice shops and restaurants you can visit!”

“Sure,” Tommy blows a piece of his hair, huffing, “oh, and would it be possible if you could tell me what time initiation starts?”

“9 AM.”

“On the dot?”

“On the dot.” She glances at the clock, handing him the brochure, “Your Pokemon should be out in about fifteen minutes, you can wait by the lounge or bar, and I’ll call your name over the speakers when they’re ready.”

“Alright,” he bows his head in thanks, “thank you Nurse Joy for your information, it has been helpful!”

“No problem!”

Tommy smiles, and moves towards the lounge to lay on one of the various couches, opening the packet to scan its contents, *‘Alright, so we have the river... “a good place for new trainers to capture water types” huh? Could be useful, but I think I’m good for now, Kabu’s gym won’t be opened to trainers for another two weeks, and I should have some sort of effective Pokemon by then anyway...’* not like it’ll be easy anyway, Kabu is *notorious* for being a hardass trainer who knocks most trainers out of the challenge due to his difficulty.



It's even worse because trainers are allowed to use their full teams against him, but Kabu himself only uses three Pokemon- a Ninetales, an Arcanine, and one of his Centiskorches.

It's not his actual, *personal* Centiskorch of course- *that* thing is a fucking *beast* on the battlefield, and is one of the few Pokemon that can take down Raihan's Flygon in battle.

Tommy should know, he saw a match between the two and that fucking firebug *wiped* the floor with Raihan's precious Flygon.

Sure, the battle was over half an hour long, and these are both elite level Pokemon, but *holy shit* are the personal teams of gym leaders scary!

(Tommy remembers meeting his father's team, and he'd been *terrified* upon seeing the man's hulking Chesnaught, who stood at nine foot instead of the regular six foot, arms bulging with muscles and spines sharp and wicked.)

(Such an intimidating character was only broken when the Spiny Armor Pokemon picked him up like a baby and started to coo over him like a mother to her child.)

(Milo laughed when Tommy whined about it later. "Chesnaught *is* a woman, big man," he grins, eyes filled with mirth, " *and* a mother of three on top of it!")

"Chesnaught is a fucking *W H A T ?!*")

"Excuse me," Tommy blinks at the feminine voice- which is *very much* not Joy's- and glances up from his booklet to a pair of teenagers. The brunette smiles apologetically, "sorry for bothering you sir, but my friend and I are wondering if you are the one who walked in with the Pikachu on his shoulder?"

"..." He squints, weary, "...yes?"

“Why did you word that like a question?” The blonde girl beside her demanded, posture *screaming* ‘confidence’, “You either are, or you’re not!”

“You could be thieves for all I know, trying to steal my Pokemon,” he deadpans, rolling ocean blues mockingly, “I shouldn’t *have* to answer you to begin with.”

“If we were thieves, then *why* would we steal a *Pikachu* of all things?”

“Poachers steal Pokemon as simple as Ratatta just because they can make a quick buck,” Tommy retorts, squinting, “I’m sure you can understand what I’m getting at, yes?”

Blondie glares, opening her mouth- probably to fire insults at him, women, honestly- only for her friend to slap a hand over her mouth, lips pulled into a thin, taut smile, “Excuse her, Drista is a bit of an idiot,” the brunette explains, earning a shriek of indignation from the other girl- Drista-, “sorry about her. I’m Lani! Lani Hammerlocke! We’re asking because I want to battle against your Pikachu, it seems strong.”

“I think you forgot that I never asked nor cared for your teams,” he sighs, snapping a glare at the two girls, “and *Pog* is a *he*, thank you very much! He decides if we battle, not me, so when he’s healed up I’ll ask, but I will *only* battle you tomorrow after the challenge initiation, understand?”

“Loud and clear!”

“Good.”

Ocean blues drag over to the twin Pokemon sitting daintily beside the two girls, and raises his Rotomphone to scan them.

***“Vaporeon, the Bubble Jet Pokemon, one of the eight evolutionary forms of Eevee! It is known that clean, clear waters are its usual habitat, and its also known to keep away from cities for this very same reason. When it’s about to be attacked by an invading enemy, it***

*dives into the water to hide, and will drag the home invader underwater to drown them. This Vaporeon is male, and belongs to Trainer: Lani Hammerlocke."*

His eyebrows rise in interest.

*"Glaceon, the Fresh Snow Pokemon, one of the eight evolutionary forms of Eevee! It often protects itself by freezing its fur into sharp needles and giving anyone or thing touching it frostbite or frost burn. It can drop its body temperature below -75 degrees Fahrenheit, but don't take this Pokemon to the desert, otherwise it cannot use its icy abilities! This Glaceon is male, and belongs to Trainer: Drista Rodgers."*

"Neat Pokemon you got there," Tommy muses, staring at the two, "and they definitely look powerful... hm... that Glaceon looks like it has a paler coat than normal, was one of its parents shiny by any chance?"

Drista- strange name- shrugs, flinging her braided ponytail back, "Dunno, we found them in a box by a dumpster and have kept them ever since."

"Ah, makes sense... probably a shiny hunter or one of those fucked out breeders trying to get the 'perfect specimen' or something." He frowns at the thought- those have been on the rise recently, and truthfully, Pokemon populations have been tipping the balance in nature ever since-, "Do they have names?"

"Yep!" Lani pets her Vaporeon, who coos and rubs his head against her leg, tail thumping behind him, "This here is Riptide!"

"Cool name."

"Thanks!"

"...This is Prism," Drista sighs, rubbing her head, "my Glaceon and partner."

Said Glaceon nods his head in agreement, air thin and chilled, “Glace.”

“Neato,” he smiles at the two feline-like Pokemon, reaching into his pocket bag and pulling out two yellow, heart-shaped poke beans, holding them out for the two Pokemon to take.

Riptide has no issue taking one, munching on it cheerfully, but Prism is a tad more hesitant, but seeing his brother enjoy the treat spurs him on and he munches on the other one, tail wagging behind him.

“I’m Tommy by the way,” he brushes his hands on his pants, face shifting into a more plain, thin smile- but a smile all the same, “Tommy Joycraft.”

“Drista Rodgers.”

“I don’t need to introduce myself,” the brunette huffs plainly, hands on her hips, though her tone holds no real bite, “but hey, Tommy, what Pokemon do you have?”

“I’ll tell only if you guys say your own teams.”

“Deal!” Both smirk at him, and he absently wonders if this is why his father said women were scary. Lani presses a hand against her chest, prideful, “I, of course, own Riptide, as well as my female Nidoran, Hera, my Jigglypuff, Puffy, my Wynaut, Wubby, and my Budew, Flowey!”

“So you have a water, poison, normal and fairy, psychic, and grass and poison type respectively?”

“Yeah, pretty much.”

Tommy rubs the back of his head in thought, humming, “Well, you pretty much have a team where fighting types can’t touch you, and neither can water or fairy to be honest, but other than that you have absolutely no coverage at all.” He explains, flicking back his bangs, “You have a minor weakness to psychic, electric, ground and flying, but that’s about it quite honestly.”

“That’s true,” Lani giggles, plopping down to sit beside the taller teen, “but I’m hoping to get a Natu or Joltik as my next team member to help balance that out a bit!”

“Smart.” He glances at the other blonde, who sits across from him in a lounge chair, her Glaceon resting at her feet, “What about you Drista?”

“Prism, Clay, Tayet, Otis, Camomile and Boota.”

Lani rolls her eyes, “She *means* her Glaceon, Ditto, Leavanny, Herdier, Panpour and Drilbur, Tommy. Arceus knows that this girl’s gotta speak in riddles half the damn time!”

“Sounds annoying.”

She scoffs, rolling her eyes playfully, “Yeah, well, try *living* with her. It’s a *hundred* times worse!”

“Screw you both,” Drista snaps, crossing her arms with a childish huff.

“I have standards,” Tommy leans back into the couch, lips curling into a smirk as he waves his hands dismissively, “and sorry hun, but you don’t meet even one of them!”

“Ya know what? Lani, fuck off, I wanna to battle this asshole.”

“Piss off Dris, I called dibs,” she scoffs, “oh hush up, you can battle him after orientation or something! Look, Riptide and I just want to battle his Pikachu you bitch! Deal with it!”

Shaking his head at the bickering duo, he sighs, '*Women, god,*' "Do y'all want to know my team or not?"

"Yes!"

"Abso-fuckin' -lutely."

"*DRISTA!*"

He smirks at them, brushing back a curly lock of gold, "Well, as you noticed, I have a Pikachu, his name is Pog-" Drista snorts, stopping him.

"Pog?" She laughs, "The hell kinda name is that?"

"A good name, ya bitch! Fuck off, you named your Glaceon 'Prism' of all things!"

"Oh hop off it asshole!" She flings a wrapper in his direction, scowling, "Prism is a fucking *bomb* ass name!"

"Sure it is..." he waves a hand at her, and she snaps her teeth at him jokingly, growling like that of a canine, "well, before I was *rudely* interrupted-" (he glares at Drista, who throws her own smirk in his direction) "-I was *saying* that I have Pog, my Ralts named Seto, a Shuppet named Khali, a Scorbunny some chick gave me that was named Brat- and no I did *not* name her, keep your mouth shut blondie- and my newest member, an alolan Vulpix I found abandoned in a bush, that I ended up naming Niki."

"Aww," the brunette girl clasps her hands, cooing over the mention of a Vulpix, "that is *such* a cute name!~ Where did you come up with it?"

Brown and blonde hair flashes before his eyes.

*“Tommy? What are you doing here?” Quiet, soft caring eyes watch the boy- him its **him** - intently, and soften further when he shakes. “Oh... Phil left again huh? Is Wilbur distancing himself again?”*

*“Tommy, Tubbo!” Pink lips pull into a bright smile, the day filled with the scent of freshly made bread and sugar, life spraying greenery all around him **them**. “Would you both like some bread?”*

*“...What is wrong with Wilbur, Tommy?”*

*“...Did you do this?”*

*“WHAT THE HELL ----- ?! WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?! WHY DID YOU KILL **TUBBO** ?!”*

*Smoke ripples through the air, screams ringing as loud as a bell in his ears, fire in the distance over the fading sun. Blood on his hands, soot stuck to his clothes, wounds open and drooling over the grass and broken stone, “Tommy, Tubbo... we... we need L’manburg back.”*

*“...Tommy, ----- ... what did you do to ----- house...?”*

*Pink locks splash before him, bright against the stormy grey sky, eyes sad and understanding, “Don’t worry Tommy, I’ll visit you... I’ll make sure to find you in exile!”*

*“YOU’RE THE REASON WILBUR NEVER CHOSE ME!”*

*“...No idea, guess it just came to me.”*

Nope, he is *not* dealing with his long since memories right now, fuck *that*, absolutely the fuck *not*.

“Are you from Galar, Tommy?”

He snaps back at the question, and shrugs, “Dunno, I was adopted pretty recently, and I don’t remember much before that to be quite honest. Amnesia’s a bitch, innit?”

“You have amnesia?”

“Did I, or did I not *just* say that?”

“Fuck off,” the taller girl scoffs, her braid flowing over her shoulder, “but still... that’s gotta suck.”

“Not really,” he shrugs, “who knows what kind of person I was? I could’ve been horrible, but without the memories, I have the option to be someone better! That balances it all out, right?”

They glance at one another, “...I suppose.”

*“Tommy Joycraft, please come collect your Pokemon, Tommy Joycraft!”*

He glances at the main desk for a quick second, and drags baby blues to the two females, lips curling into a smirk, “Say, Lani, how soon do you want that battle?”

----



## Chapter End Notes

IM SO SORRY! Writers block has been absolutely KILLER lately and its fucking beating the shit out of me, and on top of that, im taking a break from most social media due to some stuff happening.

But if yall ever wanna talk, my Tumblr is open at any time!

COMMENTS ARE APPRECIATED <3

Works inspired by this one

[Pokemon au offshoot](#) by Anonymous

[PKMN Trainer Tommyinnit joins the game](#) by [LDrabbles](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!